



THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1786

JULY 28, 1906

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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
The Literary Week	75	The Poems and Prophecies of	
Literature :		Thomas Lake Harris	84
Holiday Verse	77	A Literary Causerie :	
The Belgian Army in the		Robert Barclay	86
Congo	79	Fiction	87
The Antiquary and the Seal	80	Fine Art :	
Sweetness—Long drawn out	81	Arthur Tomson	88
History and a Sense of Humour	81	Music :	
The Personal Note	82	Ears to hear	89
A Welsh Mystic	83	Forthcoming Books	90
In a Meadow	84	Correspondence	91
The Quarterlies	84	Books Received	93

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE past season, though we have heard the usual complaints of "slackness in the book-market," has not been altogether unfruitful of good books. Certainly, there is little decrease in the number of books published: if statisticians can show any falling-off, it will be but another proof that we have many more books than any one can read—many more than are good for us. Examination of the lists of the past season shows, too, that this is not a great age of imagination. It is not an age of poetry, of poetic drama; it is not an age—we venture to think—of fiction.

And we venture to think so in spite of the long lists of novels that clamour at us from the "Books Received" columns of the past six months. Out of all these hundreds, how many could an honest and a sensible man declare to be really worth the reading? How many show anything more than a passable knowledge of the technique of the art and a narrow view of life? The number that could be sincerely declared to have anything approaching greatness in them is still smaller. True, it has not been a good season for novels: the usual novel-writers have been busy and there is a large consignment of first or early efforts; but we believe this season's crop to be below the average.

One or two novels only stand out as worth special attention; and two of these come from America—Mr. Owen Wister's delightful "Lady Baltimore," a book of charm, of depth, of power very gently used, of wisdom never obtruded, and Mr. Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," which circumstance has made notable. Of English novels, Mr. John Galsworthy's "The Man of Property" contains more both of promise and performance than any other; Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's "The Fifth Queen" shows a brilliance unusual in England; Mr. Reginald Turner has added to a fast increasing reputation for independence and humour, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's "Out of due Time" is not to be neglected. For the rest, Mr. E. F. Benson, Mr. Charles Marriott, Mr. and Mrs. Thurston and the rest, they have only shown once more that they are clever but not great nor wise; while Mr. Eden Phillpotts and Mrs. Humphry Ward, both of whom have the stuff of greatness in them, have not conquered their besetting sins. Still, there are plenty of novels, "Q.'s" "The Mayor of Troy," Mr. Maartens's "The Healers," Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Hugo," the Baroness von Hutten's further volume on the delightful Pam, and stories by Mr. Keble Howard, Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, Mr. Oliver Onions and other clever people, which holiday-makers will do well to read.

The poetry has been a little more interesting than usual, if only for two books: Mr. Noyes's brave attempt to write the English Epic of Drake, and Mr. Doughty's more

than interesting "Dawn in Britain." The latter is only for the "serious" reader; it is not a book for the esplanade or the deck-chair; but its learning, its force and its dignity make it notable. Sir Mortimer Durand, too, in "Cyrus the Great King," has produced an epic-drama which, for all its many faults, is a work of power and some greatness. Mr. Sturge Moore has published nothing; Mr. John Davidson's new poems, reviewed in another column, will interest many; Mr. Ellis Roberts is a young poet of force and promise, and the "Tower Press Booklets" from Dublin contain many things that will charm the lover of poetry. The greater among our living poets have been silent: on the smaller let us be silent, too.

The best work nowadays is being done in biography, history, criticism and works that combine creation with compilation. Few more brilliant biographies have been written than Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's Life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill; and among the masterpieces of historical biography Mr. J. B. Atlay's "Victorian Chancellors" must find a place, if the future volumes are as good as that published this spring. Mr. Charles Whibley's "Pitt," too, is as strong a piece of work as that trenchant and learned writer has ever accomplished. Mr. Thomas Wright's Life of Sir Richard Burton is remarkable for the author's patience and security rather than for any sign of genius in the making of the book, and the composite biography, as exemplified by the Life of Archbishop Temple by seven friends and of Henry Sidgwick, shows its necessary drawback—the lack of any single impression of the subject as seen and conveyed by a single mind. Miss Sichel's Life of Canon Ainger makes capital reading, owing mainly to the good things provided by Ainger himself and his friends; as a biography it is a little feeble. Of the other biographies of the season, Mr. Mackintosh's Chamberlain, Mr. Downey's Lever, Mrs. Climensson's Elizabeth Montagu, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's Sir Henry Irving, and various books on George Buchanan, all that can be said is that, in their various degrees of merit, they make good enough reading and serve their purpose for the moment. Buck Whaley's Memoirs is a book in a class by itself, but full of amusement; and Lady De Lancey's narrative of a week at Waterloo is unique in its simple pathos and touching circumstance. Of autobiographies, there are Tolstoy's (in progress) and Sir Henry Roscoe's—both of great interest.

Though historians may squabble over the proper ways to write history—of which there are as many as there are of writing tribal lays—there is no question of the value of the historical work that is being done. It is not the age of the brilliant historian. We should not turn to Messrs. Longman's admirable Political History for the entertainment we derive from Froude or Macaulay; but it is a work of sound scholarship, wide learning and able presentation which will give the student of the political history of England what he can find nowhere else. Another invaluable enterprise is the Cambridge Modern History, truly a *κρημα ἐς αἰον*—for the materials collected in these handsome volumes can never be superseded, though there is ever room for new comment and interpretation of facts. The ninth volume, "Napoleon," is a fascinating work to read, and a man might spend his holiday evenings worse than in such company. The student of naval and military matters will find good things to his hand in Mr. Skrine's "Fontenoy," Mr. Fraser's "The Enemy at Trafalgar," Captain Klado's great book on the Naval conflict between Japan and Russia; while the fourth volume of the *Times* History of the War in South Africa, and the first volume of the Official History, with its admirable maps, are both productions of the season that has just closed. Sir Auckland Colvin's Egypt is a notable work of modern history, and among other works worth naming are the late Bishop Stubbs's posthumous lectures on Early English History, Mr. Shore's "Origins of the Anglo-Saxon Race,"

and Professor Oman's "Great Revolt of 1381," which we reviewed last week.

Good work has been done, too, in art—though not very much of it. Probably the most interesting book of the season is a very modest little volume by Mr. A. J. Finberg on the English Water-Colour Painters, surprisingly suggestive and informative for its size and likely to rouse thought in a greater degree than many more pretentious books. M. Bouchot has issued in book-form his extraordinary but interesting notions on the French Primitives; Mr. R. H. Hobart Cust has written a really admirable book on Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, and Mr. Wedmore has delighted lovers of good writing and individual criticism by his "Whistler and others." A sound and learned book is Mr. McKay's "Scottish School of Painting"; and Mr. Newbolt's Vandyck is one of the best volumes in a series which helps to put Messrs. George Newnes at the head of the art-publishers of the day.

Of books on literature there have not been very many; but one or two are noteworthy. We have had the first volume of Professor Saintsbury's History of Prosody, an invaluable and delightful book; Mr. Greg's interesting if imperfect Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama; Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's admirable study of the Poetry and Philosophy of Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. Arthur C. Benson's much discussed volume in the English Men of Letters Series on Walter Pater. Two American books, Mr. Ferris Greenslet's Lowell and Miss Elizabeth Luther Cary's Henry James, are worth studying. Meanwhile the reprint industry flourishes. Mr. Frowde has bought the World's Classics and is adding new treasures to the long list; Messrs. Dent have inaugurated with the first hundred volumes their Everyman's Library, and Messrs. Methuen, if they have not pushed the Imperial Library as we should like to have seen, have added one good book, Mr. A. R. Waller's Sir Thomas Browne, and several others of interest. The other series are as many and as vigorous as ever; but more and more are lovers of classical literature looking with eagerness to the productions and promises of the Cambridge University English Classics.

In his just published "Autobiography," to which reference was recently made in the ACADEMY, Mr. A. B. Todd, relates that both his father and mother had frequently seen John Burns, and that his eldest brother—he himself is a seventh son and fourteenth child—was born two months before the death of the Scottish poet. Mr. Todd, now in his eighty-fifth year, has conversed with many, besides his father, who knew Burns and had frequently been in his company, and none of them, he has often heard them say, ever heard the poet "utter an oath, saw him angry, or saw him intoxicated." It was Hew Ainslie, a Scottish bard, Mr. Todd tells us, who first gave to Ayrshire and Nithsdale "the exceedingly happy, appropriate, and poetic name of 'The Land of Burns.'"

It is to be hoped that the grounds of the mansion, once the house of Richard Owen Cambridge, on the Middlesex side of Richmond bridge, which are to be put up for sale at the end of this month, may find a purchaser who will appreciate their literary associations. Richard Owen Cambridge had many friends. Boswell talks of his "extensive circle of friends and acquaintances, distinguished by rank, fashion and genius," and among them may be mentioned Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Gray and Horace Walpole. Cambridge was well known in his time for his wit, learning and literary attainments, and he was regarded as one of the ablest contributors to *The World* of his day. Very few of his *bons mots* have been preserved, but one may be recalled in connection with this paper. As he was going into church one Sunday, a note was put into his hand requesting an essay for *The World*. His wife, observing him rather inattentive during the sermon, asked him what he

was thinking of: to which he replied: "Of the next World my dear."

Ripon, where an historic pageant took place during last week, is not unconnected with English literature. It was the birthplace of Dr. John Burton, the famous antiquarian, whom Sterne has immortalised as "Dr. Slop." Dr. John Burton was a respected member of society, who had earned a considerable reputation for his skill as an *accoucheur*; but he had excited the ire of Sterne, perhaps because he was possessed of "a little squat uncourtly figure with breadth of back and sesquipedality of belly," or perhaps because he was suspected of having Jacobite and even "Popish" sympathies. Whatever the true cause may have been, there are few more cruel portraits in English literature than that of Dr. Slop, who, as good Shandean will remember, met with Obadiah and the coach-horse, arrived too late to assist in bringing Master Tristram into this "scurvy and disastrous world," and had his views on baptism very thoroughly searched.

The matter-of-fact directness with which translators tear off the veil from poetically vague titles must often disconcert English romanticists. How, for instance, the chivalrous courtliness of Scott seems to evaporate by the metamorphosis of "The Heart of Midlothian" into the homespun bluntness of "Le prison d'Édimbourg"! There is something suggestive of turning the keen edge of transatlantic humour against itself in the latest announcement of the Société d'Édition et de Publications (Libraire Félix Junen) Paris. This firm is bringing out a translation of "The Jungle" by M. A. Fournier—the translator's very name has pathological associations—under the sensational title of "Les Empoisonneurs de Chicago."

It is not that the mordant wit of the Gaul cannot make excellent play with the title oblique at times, for one of last week's publications was a pendant to the extremely successful "Lui" under the cognomen of "L'Oncle de l'Europe." Both are volumes in a series which is to deal with high personages "devant l'objectif caricatural," and which is possibly modelled on the opening pages of *The Review of Reviews*. The introduction of the first volume into Germany was made a matter of *majestäts beleidigung*; but the satire of the second is less bitter, despite the easier entry into Britain. That the cartoon is becoming the universal alphabet of politics is shown by the inclusion in the collection of specimens from the comic journalism of every considerable country in Europe.

Public librarians are becoming more and more doubtful of the wisdom of expending a part of their scanty income on daily newspapers, nearly all of which are within the means of everybody. Already in some libraries halfpenny papers are not taken. When the Islington Public Libraries are opened the readers will only find one or two daily papers, these being the higher-priced and the more inaccessible to the general public. In place of the large number of dailies usually taken by municipal libraries, the Islington authority will buy as many of the best English and foreign literary, art, scientific and technical journals as possible. We shall watch the experiment with interest.

The Sunderland Public Library made a bold attempt to discontinue the exhibition of daily papers, but the townspeople were so indignant that the managing Committee gave way and decided to retain them. But, after all, it is a library authority's business to choose what it shall provide in the way of reading. The aim—or the principal aim—of the public library is an educational one, and if a committee believes that it is doing its duty in substituting high-class periodicals for daily journals within everybody's means, it ought to have the courage of its convictions. The voice of the people is not a voice of much value in educational matters.

At the same time, it is only right to say that the majority of librarians are still in favour of the retention of periodicals of this class, not because they are in accord with the aims of public libraries, but because they add to the popularity of those institutions. It is argued that the large number of people who come to the libraries simply to see newspapers are persuaded sooner or later to borrow books. This may be true, but it is a question whether the more liberal provision of the better periodicals might not bring more readers of books after all.

Among the torchlight processions, laying of wreaths and other pageantry of the Rembrandt celebrations, one matter of practical interest stands out. At Amsterdam the new room in the Ryksmuseum—the "Night Watch" room, as it is called—was opened, and the famous picture is now seen in the light that suits it best. The room reproduces, as closely as possible, the lighting of the old guild-house of the "Doelen" for which the picture was painted. It has never been seen to advantage in the Ryksmuseum, and it was not till the Rembrandt Exhibition of 1898 that the best lighting for it was discovered by accident. It has been cleaned and varnished, and is now to be seen as it has never been seen before. It is interesting, too, to note that one feature of the celebrations was the performance at the theatre of some scenes from the *Medea* of Burgomaster Rix, Rembrandt's friend and sitter.

LITERATURE

HOLIDAY VERSE

Holiday and other Poems. With a note on Poetry. By JOHN DAVIDSON. (E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net.)

It is always a pleasure to receive a new book from Mr. John Davidson. He has the vision and faculty of a poet, and any fault-finding to which he gives occasion has always the recognition of this fact behind it. We never think that he is not good, but there are times when we feel that he ought to be better. Unfortunately for himself, he seems to be to a dangerous extent self-satisfied. In an essay on poetry, hidden away at the end of this volume, he is good enough to act as the critic of his own achievement. If this should argue any lack of modesty on his part, it is atoned for by the interest and pleasure with which we hear a man of genuine talent discoursing on his own craft. The present writer felt all the more gratified because one, at least, of the passages on which the poet comments had received more than usual consideration. It may be as well to quote it:

From the Forest I come whereabout
The silences, harvested, throng—
Autumnal, the silences throng.
No throstle, no blackbird devout
As the seraphim mingle their song,
With perfume entangle the light
And powder the woodland with pearl,
Nor usher the star-stricken night
With incense and melody rare;
The song-thrush devout and the merle
No longer enrapture the air
With concord of ruby and pearl.

But to understand Mr. Davidson's criticism it is necessary to keep in mind that it forms part of an argument in favour of blank verse as against rhyme. About this contention there is really little to say. The essential thing in all great lines, wherever they occur, is harmony, and it is doubtful whether harmony can ever be produced by mere technique. No doubt Stevenson came to think so, but the most fervent admirers of that writer will probably admit that he was more usefully engaged in writing the early chapters of "The Master of Ballantrae" than in counting the vowels and consonants in some of his favourite prose passages. The other lines quoted by Mr. Davidson in support

of his argument were struck off by genius at white heat. "In cradle of the rude imperious surge" is an example of that decision of phrase which comes when the vision is so absolutely clear that we call it inspired, and when every faculty of the brain is stimulated to an almost supernatural activity. It is at such transcendent moments that a master like Shakespeare strikes off a phrase so royally minted that it bears the impression of inevitability for ever. Whether he rhymed it or put it in blank verse or stated it in prose makes no difference whatever. It would be easy to place side by side with the splendours of blank verse splendours of rhyme that seem to be equally inevitable. It may be that the poet on these occasions is in a sense more personal. It has ever been the nature of humanity to render musically its deepest griefs and joys. Auguish itself finds musical utterance as in the betrayed maid's ballad:

O had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been sae hard to win,
I'd ha' locked my heart wi' a golden lock
And pinned it wi' a siller pin;

and in the equally piercing lines of Burns:

Had we never loved sae kindly
Had we never loved sae blindly
Never met and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

These are unimaginable in blank verse. The genius of Coleridge, again, found no expression in blank verse so adequate as it did in "Kubla Khan":

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

Here the rhyme obviously suggests something of mystery and beauty—sound, as it were, becoming an auxiliary of the inner eye. The greatest artist in English verse was probably Milton, "mighty-mouthed Milton, inventor of harmonies." Surely he was a master of blank verse, yet what so majestic as his use of rhyme? No objection that Mr. Davidson urges would apply to such rhymes as those in "At a Solemn Music":

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee:
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly.

There is nothing in Shakespeare's blank verse more dignified and solemn in thought, austere and perfect in workmanship than the dirge in *Cymbeline*:

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak;
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

In immortal simplicity this is the lamentation and tale of ancient wrong,

Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil.

When Shakespeare makes Macbeth declare in the spirit of these lines:

My way of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf,

no question ought to arise of the superiority of technique. It is altogether a question of preference. If Mr. John Davidson, for example, were to use blank verse instead of rhymed verse, his work would be judged by its quality, not by the form he chose to give it. However, all this is in the nature of a digression from our argument. Mr. Davidson with engaging candour quotes the passage we have transcribed in order to show that rhyme is "a beautiful disease, an excess of health." In fact, he wishes us to regard rhyme as a corruption of the ear. With this in our minds, it is interesting to read the criticism he makes on his own verse quoted above:

A labor leads off upon "about"; a single clarigold rings in the first "throng"; and two others immediately take up the burden an octave lower in the second "throng"; "devout" and "song" bring in the psalter and the anome; "light," "night," "rare," "air," add to these sackbuts and timbrels; with the first "pearl" the dulcimer sounds; the syrinx replies in "merle"; the second "pearl" is a double dulcimer; and the whole fantastic orchestra fills the evening air with richly braided sound.

We confess that we found this criticism very unexpected. The verse quoted we had marked as a specimen of a certain vein in Mr. Davidson for which we can find no apter title than that of "Anna Matilda." The true poet speaks in the first three lines:

From the Forest I come whereabouts
The silences, harvested, throng—
Autumnal, the silences throng.

The echo of Edgar Allan Poe is undoubtedly a blemish, but a pardonable one. But Mr. Davidson, after getting his vision clear, seems to have sat down in his workshop to contrive curious little ornaments that really spoil the simple lines of his beginning. To "entangle light with perfume" is a phrase that ought to be left to the fair Anna Matilda. She might also without injury be granted the monopoly of "the star-stricken night," and hers too shall be "the incense and melody rare" and "the concord of ruby and pearl." Let her, by all means, enrapture the air with them. How the idea of night may be rendered without any of these ingenious but paltry devices may be illustrated from a passage in George Herbert, the example being all the more apt because of Herbert's devotion to ingenuity and his feebleness when he practised it. But how comely and austere is the architecture of—

Yet still thou goest on,
And now when darkness closest weary eyes
Saying to man, *It doth suffice:*
Henceforth repose; your work is done,

This phraseology is as elemental as is that of the "Lyke-wake Dirge":

When thou from hence away are paste,
Every nighte and alle;
To Whinny-muir thou comest at laste,
And Christ receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle;
Fire and sleete, and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

It is, therefore, a fair conclusion that Mr. Davidson is blaming rhyme for effects that are really produced by his love of tricky ornament. He is in danger of becoming artistic, using the word in that debased sense with which it is usually applied in a suburban villa. Let us, then, look at his poems to see whether this contention is borne

out by his practice. They are for the most part light holiday poems, and there is scarcely one that has not a fault of misplaced ingenuity or extravagance. We know how fond our Anna Matilda is of underlining her words, using inverted commas, putting in exclamations, and taking other means of obtaining emphasis. Here is an example of Mr. Davidson's attempts in the same direction:

Till jaded night falls dead,
Wheel, hoof, and horn
Tumultuous thunder
Beat
Under
A noteless firmament
Of lead.

On this the only comment we need make is that it might just as well have been written in prose. It would be well, too, if he would curb his taste for using uncouth and unfamiliar words, as in "Laburnum and Lilac":

Where the New River strays,
Eddying in olive green
And chrysophrase [*sic*],
And briefly seen
In traffic-troubled ways.

The best poem in the volume is called "A Runnable Stag," and until very close to the end it leaves nothing for criticism to say; but we are forced to the conclusion that the whole point lies in these two stanzas:

Where he turned at bay in the leafy gloom,
In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep
In a wonderful vision of sleep,
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag in a jewelled bed,
Under the sheltering ocean dead,
A stag, a runnable stag.

So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
And he opened his nostrils wide again,
And he tossed his branching antlers high
As he headed the hunt down the Charlock glen,
As he raced down the echoing glen
For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
For twenty miles, and five and five,
Not to be caught now, dead or alive,
The stag, the runnable stag.

Here Mr. Davidson endows his stag with human thoughts, for he makes the animal resolve to escape from its misery by suicide instead of taking to the water merely as a means of escaping from its enemies. To give it thoughts and ideas might seem pretty to the lady we have already referred to, but a great writer would not have done it. Even when he is arousing our sympathy for the animal, Shakespeare remains always within his strict limits.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

There remains little more to say about Mr. Davidson. It is evident that what he lacks mostly is discipline and that austerity and economy of language which go with it. The fault looks straight out of the verse, and it is equally noticeable in his essay, which rambles over the whole universe of thought, touching on many things of which Mr. Davidson speaks with no authority and yet containing many interesting and suggestive things. Here we have extravagance both of thought and expression. It is the outpouring of an uncurbed, undisciplined, and vain mind.

THE BELGIAN ARMY IN THE CONGO

Histoire Militaire du Congo. Explorations, Expéditions, Opérations de guerre, Combats et Faits militaires. Par ADOLPHE LEJEUNE-CHOQUET. (Bruxelles: Castaigne, 5fr.)

So much is being said and written about the Congo State just now that any authentic information on the subject or any portion of it is welcome. The author of the volume under notice, M. Lejeune-Choquet, was for some time an officer in the Congo Military Service, and he consequently writes with personal knowledge of his subject, which is exclusively military and non-political. His description, therefore, of the military operations and expeditions carried on by the Congo authorities since the year 1877 supplies information at first hand. The value of the work as history is increased by its being mainly compiled from the Official Reports of the Officers in command, which have been placed at his disposal. We thus get a complete and trustworthy account of the military achievements which established Belgian authority over some twenty million blacks in the heart of Central Africa. As the writer studiously abstains from entering upon controversial matter, the book can be read without prejudice by the adversaries as well as the admirers of the Congo Government. M. Lejeune, now an officer in the Belgian Regiment of the Carabiniers, does not, however, conceal his pride as a Belgian in the achievements of his comrades, who, few in number, imposed obedience on turbulent, cruel, and totally uncivilised races.

Although there were many expeditions, including Stanley's famous advance to Stanley Falls, before the formation of the Congo State in 1884, the main interest of the story commences after that event. At first the expeditions were almost exclusively arranged for the purpose of exploring the region, ascertaining what were the best routes, and establishing commercial stations. During this period there were a certain number of hostile collisions with the native tribes, but on the whole armed force was seldom resorted to. The first operations of war were not brought about by native hostility. They arose from the inevitable trial of strength between the Europeans and the Arabs who had made themselves virtually masters of the country. For a moment it appeared as if war between them might be avoided, for in 1887 the principal Arab chief, Tippu Tip, swore to Stanley that he would keep the peace. It was soon found out, however, that keeping the peace in an Arab sense did not mean any suspension of the operations for capturing slaves, and collisions between Belgian officers and the slave-hunters became frequent. In 1890 the Brussels Conference gave the Congo State a sort of mandate to put an end to the Arab power. A considerable number of officers of the Belgian army volunteered for the campaign, which may be described as aiming at the expulsion of the Arab forces from the valley of the Upper Congo, where they held a succession of stockaded positions. In April 1892 the command of the State forces was entrusted to Dhanis, and the result amply justified the selection.

The description of the Arab campaign fills over twenty pages of the book before us. Without exaggeration, the two campaigns that had to be carried on for the accomplishment of the object for which they were undertaken may be termed brilliant and completely successful. By April 1893 the Arabs were completely vanquished and expelled from all their positions on the Upper Congo. Of course, this success was not obtained without loss, and many Belgian officers perished on the field of battle. The Belgian Army is very proud of the conduct and sacrifices of its comrades on this and other occasions. Having overcome their principal enemies, the Congo authorities looked forward to a period of tranquillity. This reasonable hope was disappointed by a great mutiny among their own native soldiers. During the Arab campaign and immediately after it, the State took into their service a large number of black soldiers belonging to the tribes of the Batetelas

and the Bakusus. These men, who had originally fought on the side of the Arabs, were subjected to a certain amount of discipline, but there had not been sufficient time to make them thoroughly obedient, when their great chief was executed for indulging in the native practice of cannibalism. His followers swore to be avenged for his execution, and thus the Belgians were confronted with a new peril from their attempt to spread civilisation. The peril was the greater because it was not at once fully realised, and so it came about that, when Dhanis was ordered to march for the Nile in 1897, he had under his orders a thoroughly disaffected force. It had not proceeded very far towards its destination when proof was given of the true feeling of the troops. The advance guard supplied the signal to the rest by surprising and murdering in the night several of their white officers.

The main body followed the example of their comrades, and after a vain attempt to resist the mutineers Dhanis found himself obliged to retreat with the small remnant of his force. Thirteen or fourteen of the white officers were slain and, terrible to relate, eaten by their savage enemy. Much consternation was caused by the news of this revolt, and for more than two years the Belgians were continuously engaged in pursuing and crushing the revolted Batetelas. Had these mutinous soldiers been able to regain the western side of the Congo River, where the home of their race was, there is no saying how far the disaffection might have extended, but the Belgians succeeded in preventing this, and gradually all the mutineers were accounted for in one way or another. The Belgians recall with satisfaction that this great trouble of theirs was entirely due to the energy which they had displayed in putting down cannibalism.

Perhaps the chapters that will most interest the English reader are those describing Chaltin's campaign with the Dervishes on the Nile, eighteen months before Lord Kitchener crushed the Khalifa. The battle of Bedden was a very creditable affair, in which two thousand Dervishes occupying a strong position were defeated with considerable loss. The attack and capture of Redjaf followed, when eight Mahdist chiefs were killed. Nine months later the Dervishes made a night attack to recover possession of this place, but they were repulsed with loss, although the Belgians themselves lost several officers killed and many wounded. From that time to the present the occupation of the Lado district has not been disturbed by any warlike operation. A very interesting account is added of the Lemaire expedition in 1903-5 into the Bahr-el-Ghazal, where that officer succeeded in exploring a large part of the province. Now that the Egyptian authority is definitely established there, the information that he succeeded in collecting about the Niam Niam tribes will prove useful.

Among recent operations those against the Budjas in 1898 and 1900-1 were especially formidable. This tribe holds the region between the Congo and the Mongalla. It is very warlike and courageous, and some of its members had displayed considerable skill as artillerists in the service of the State; but fifteen years ago they were already designated as a possibly formidable enemy to the Belgians. This they proved themselves to be during the serious fighting of 1900-1, when several Belgian officers lost their lives. Even after these expeditions the Budjas displayed a dubious sentiment towards their European conquerors, and in 1905 a fresh outbreak was feared. The prompt despatch of troops brought them to their senses and ensured their submission without the necessity of resorting to force. The official narrative briefly records that "not a shot was fired." There are references to other affairs, but they are of minor importance. This summary of the contents of this work will show the nature of the obstacles that the Congo State has had to encounter and overcome during its still brief history. It has had to make good its position in Central Africa by feats of military enterprise, and to assert by conquest the right it claimed to rule the negro races along and near the Equator. It is the old story which the Roman poet summed up in the words "debelleare

superbos," and so far as the record runs the Belgians have done their work well and without avoidable bloodshed. It naturally follows that the Belgian army, which from the neutral character of the country has had little chance of distinction, is very proud of the achievements of its members and comrades in the Congo State, and is rather disposed to resent as a personal slight any charge of cruelty or misconduct against its officers serving in Central Africa. M. Lejeune-Choquet's volume is of permanent value for purposes of reference, and it appears at an opportune moment.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

THE ANTIQUARY AND THE SEAL

English Seals. By J. HARVEY BLOOM, M.A., Rector of Whitchurch. Being a volume of "The Antiquary's Books." (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

SETTING before himself a well-chosen trayful of plaster casts from mediæval seal impressions, the student—antiquary or artist—may see in little the arts of the Middle Ages.

A few experts have passed from toying with these dainty works and wondering at their frank beauty to their classification and reasoned study, and by this time a manual for their study should be at hand.

We have now a volume of the "Antiquary's Books" given up to an account of English seals, but this is hardly the volume for which we look. When such a series as the "Antiquary's Books" is planned it will have an essential weakness in the fact that its editor must ask contributors to write him books upon the allotted subjects, and a book thus produced to order within a given time will never be as hardy as the book born in its own due hour.

The Rev. J. Harvey Bloom, author of this volume of "English Seals," has enthusiasm for his task, but his opportunities for study of his subject seem to have been limited, and he has not yet that degree of expertise which the student fairly asks from his teacher.

His main field of study seems to have been the seals preserved at Warwick Castle and in Warwick Museum, and this limited range has encouraged dangerous generalisations on the subject which wider research would have checked.

Mr. Bloom's chapters are well arranged, and his notes may be of some service to those who have not yet understood the variety and beauty of our English seals. His illustrations are numerous and well chosen, Mrs. Canning's delicate pencil drawings being made with great care and, save in one or two cases, with remarkable accuracy. We can hardly agree with Mr. Bloom that these or any drawings excel the reproductions possible by modern photographic processes, but they have the advantage of being able to appear in the text.

The study of the seal, however demands the most patient attention to detail, and it is in accurate detail that Mr. Bloom's work is found wanting. His readings of seal inscriptions have many and serious errors. Let us take the famous seal made in 1343 for Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. An example of this seal shows the inscription: "s' tho'e comitis warrwychie anno regni regis e' t'cii post co'questv' anglie septi'o deci'o et regni svi francie qvarto." This in plain Lombardic letters. Mr. Bloom's version runs: "s' thom' comitis warrychie anno regni regis e' t'eh post coqvas' w . . . dVODECO EZ REGNI SVI FRANCIE QUARTO." The "POST COQVAS' W . . ." he explains as "after the conquest of William."

Again, the inscription on the Durham seal is "SIGILLVM CVDBERTI PRESVLIS S'CI," and not "SIGILLVM VDBERTI PRESVLIS DEI." The Eton seal has: "COLLEGI REGALIS" and not "COLLEGI REGVLVS," and Henry VI.'s seal "in absentia," not "SIGILLVM REGNINI," but "SIGILLVM

REGIVM." The chapter on ecclesiastical seals "may," Mr. Bloom says, "fitly conclude with two mottoes—one from the seal of Ralph de Toton, Bishop of Carlisle, reads thus: 'VIRGO IH'V NVT'X RADVLPHO SIS PIA TVTRIX' (O Virgin, nurse of Jesus, to thy Ralph teach piety); the other from the counterseal of Bishop Walter—'HEC SCVLPTVA IMAT FINIS NO' PVGNA CORONAT' (This sculpture teaches the end not the battle crowns)."

That Mr. Bloom should translate "Radulpho sis pia tutrix" as "to thy Ralph teach piety" suggests that it is possible for a Master of Arts sadly to forget his Latin. Ralph de Toton should, by the way, be read as Ralph of Ireton. The translation of "hec sculptua imat" as "this sculpture teaches" is as bold a reading, but a reading of the inscription as "HEC SCVLPTVRA SONAT" supplies a better and more probable one. Mr. Bloom might well have delayed his book until he was more at ease in reading and translating such inscriptions. So many errors in a few lines do not give confidence.

Mr. Bloom has the courage to recommend his book to the student of costume, arms and armour and to the herald and genealogist. His own studies in these matters seem to have been of the slightest. The commentary upon the armour is the merest guesswork with misapplied words. He has forty times the need to speak of the embroidered caparisons of the knight's horse and in every case he calls them "bardings." Now the bards of a horse were defensive armour and "trappers" is the word Mr. Bloom should use. We are unable to guess at the meaning of the "fleur de lis vieur agneis" which Mr. Bloom finds on the "bardings" of Edward III.'s charger, but the horse carries many errors of Mr. Bloom, who calls the long curb or check of the bit "the snaffle" and the armour of the back of the neck the "poitral," a word which belongs to the bard of the chest. On his seal one Osbern son of Pons rides in mail and helmet, but, he having a hawk on fist, Mr. Bloom declares that he is "not in war panoply but in hawking array." With the dress of churchmen Mr. Bloom is hardly more familiar, for he defines the alb as distinctively the garment of a priest and the dalmatic as a sleeveless garment.

The student of armory will have no help from Mr. Bloom, yet some knowledge of the science should surely be acquired before one writes of seals, the half of which display arms. Mr. Bloom's statement that no one is found using a crest between Richard I. and Edward III. is a worthless guess, as several well-known seals might demonstrate. So is the reckless remark that "merchants were not at first allowed the use of proper coats of arms: indeed, the earliest instance known to the writer is that on the brass of William Grevell who died in 1401." The fancy of the heraldry books that some court or college had the power, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, of granting and withholding the right to bear arms lingers stubbornly, but plenty of seals of those ages deny Mr. Bloom's assertion, and a writer on seals should have met with many such.

"It is not until the fourteenth century that the practice known as dimidiation [of shields of arms] occurs" is another haphazard statement of the same value, for "dimidiation," so-called, is peculiarly a primitive practice and ceases in the fourteenth century. When we note that, although his principal field of research has been amongst the Warwick seals, Mr. Bloom does not yet recognise the well-known shield of the Newburgh Earls of Warwick, guessing that it may be that of Mowbray, which it resembles in no particular, we have said enough to show that Mr. Bloom is in the wrong galley.

That so carelessly compiled a book should be seen amongst the "Antiquary's Books" as a work of reference for antiquaries makes one pity the fate of the science of archæology which must suffer these things.

Here is Mr. Bloom, without any adequate knowledge of armory, of armour, of costume or of inscriptions, putting forward in good faith a book which is nearly concerned with all these matters. What greeting would the reviews

have for a book on chemistry or physiology, the author of which had started out with as scanty a qualification for his task?

OSWALD BARRON.

SWEETNESS—LONG DRAWN OUT

A German Pompadour. By MARIE HAY. (Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE has been lately a rage for the memoirs of respectable or disreputable ladies of the eighteenth century, not unlike the fashion which rose at the same time for mezzotints from Sir Joshua's portraits of women. It was not necessary that they should have possessed remarkable minds or should have lived irreproachable lives. But it was essential that they should move in brilliant circles, should sweep through the world in satin and powder, and should charm their way from one splendid height to another by virtue of smiles and courtesies and little exquisite phrases which brought peers and princes to their knees. Their prosaic descendants were expected to do homage also at the mere recollection of those vanished charms. How far such a creature was possible it is scarcely fitting to ask; but if she lived at all, and lived by means of such graces as these, it must surely have been in the age when Sir Joshua painted her. But then the biographer must approach her with peculiar tact, for words pierce beneath paint, and the souls of Pompadours may look fairer upon the surface.

The difficulties of the task are great, we may admit; and Miss Marie Hay seems to have complicated them still further by the method which she has adopted in her "Extraordinary history of Wilhelmine von Grävenitz." It is a true story, dug, we are told, from official archives, but the facts briefly stated with "colourless reticence" by the lawyers have been expanded and embellished in Miss Hay's imagination till they are certainly not reticent, and there is plenty of colour, although it is not always in quite the right place. But her compromise between history and fiction is maintained throughout; she is always guiding herself by authentic facts, and her emotions are regulated by the documents at her side. And here lies the defect of the system. She cannot give her imagination free rein, and yet she may indulge it to such an extent that the reader does not know when he is reading history and when he is reading fiction. This is an awkward frame of mind, and the artistic merits of the book suffer from the compromise. It is easy to suggest that the figure of Wilhelmine invited treatment in one of two ways: she might have made an interesting study if her biographer had kept strictly to the truth and allowed her to speak in her own words, or she might have posed for a very picturesque portrait in the manner of Sir Joshua. But here we have a composite production, where the truth has the vagueness of fiction and the fiction is diluted with fact.

Wilhelmine was the sister of a courtier at the palace of Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Wirtemberg. The book opens in the year 1705 when this gentleman, finding that he cannot afford to live there any longer, sends for his sister to captivate the Duke, dethrone the old favourite, and raise her own family to the heights with her. She is a poor girl, of great beauty, with the eyes of a witch and the voice of a nightingale, and her triumph is instant and complete.

"Ah Mademoiselle [says the Duke at their first meeting] will you leave the Duke here on the balcony, and come and look at the stars with the ridiculous poet-fellow?" . . . Who could resist him, this man with the pleading eyes and deep, strong voice?

Wilhelmine, at least, had no intention of resisting him, and the intimacy, begun poetically under the stars, was continued in all its extravagant and familiar phases for some twenty years. It is not difficult in the early stages to be thrilled in the right places by all the cumbersome

ceremonial of the little German court: the eye is pleased with the pageantry of dance and festival, and the ear is flattered with the "Monseigneurs" and "Highnesses" that drop from the lips of profoundly obeisant great ladies and gentlemen. Wilhelmine has the gift of appearing suddenly in the doorway, robed in the "Grävenitz yellow"; all eyes are fixed upon her and she achieves some triumph or passes unmoved with her snake glance through some terrible insult. But there comes a time when the sensational moment fails to thrill, and the sarcasm of the outraged ladies, which generally takes the form of suggesting that the favourite has had the small-pox very badly, is not sufficiently pointed to draw our blood. To make the interest endure when the brilliant surface has worn thin, we want to feel that Wilhelmine was a high-spirited, romantic woman in spite of her morals, that the duke had some lovable quality that touched her heart and not merely her ambition; in short, that the whole set of decorous eighteenth-century figures were driven by human passions, and were not the puppets of some elaborate Court machine. But in spite of many picturesque passages it is difficult to move with any swiftness through the long-drawn vicissitudes of the favourite's career. They tend to repeat themselves and to twist and turn with languid motion in the familiar channels. A novelist here would have been at liberty to select and epitomise; but Miss Hay, with the burden of documents on her shoulders, follows the story patiently, and engrafts upon the bare outline a lavish but indiscriminate wealth of description and conversation which seems not to be spun from the legitimate source of inspiration in her brain, but to be the spurious outcome of research in official archives. It does not reveal character, that is, but encumbers it.

It is enough to say that the favourite rose to be Prime Minister as well as mistress, accumulated lands till the peasants called her the "Land-despoiler," and surrounded herself with splendours of marble and satin that were to rival Versailles. But it remained a German copy till the end. We catch glimpses of her beneath all this shifting mass of finery, and of other figures more visionary still, but they move in a drifting atmosphere where the laws that bind live men and women can scarcely be applied. It is not possible to try their conduct by any ordinary standard, nor does their biographer attempt to pronounce the moral verdict. Wilhelmine falls, and we read how in the end:

A soft evening breeze came stealing round her. The long Spring twilight faded, night drew near—and the Grävenitz turned away. "Farewell," she said aloud, "the night comes. Farewell Spring."

And is that the voice of the dismissed courtesan or of her biographer?

"Like a faint fragrance of faded rose-leaves," we read, "a breath of this woman's charm seems to cling and elusively to peep out of the curt record of her crimes." But the ordinary reader will question whether the record of Wilhelmine might not give off a more pungent odour to other nostrils; and still more will he doubt whether this vagrant air is potent enough to steep three hundred and fifty odd pages in its fragrance. A magazine article or a sonnet were the proper vessel for such sweetness.

HISTORY AND A SENSE OF HUMOUR

La Question Biblique au XX^e Siècle. Par ALBERT HOUTIN (Paris: E. Nourry, 4 fr.)

THOSE who have read any of the Abbé Houtin's previous books will know that he combines a scrupulous accuracy in matters of fact with great facility and clearness of expression, a delightful style and a strong sense of humour. His sense of humour has, indeed, been rather too strong for the taste of his ecclesiastical superiors; it is said that the table of contents was largely responsible for the placing on the *Index* of "La Question Biblique chez les

Catholiques de France au XIX^e Siècle," to which the present volume is a sequel. The new book is not confined to France; it begins with a short but admirable summary of the progress of biblical criticism in the various Christian Churches during the first three years of the present century, and a later very interesting chapter is devoted to the present state of the question in England. The mass of information that M. Houtin has managed to compress into some two hundred and fifty octavo pages is as wonderful as the fact that he has succeeded in giving so much information without being dull. The book is one which every one interested in the subject will read for pleasure and keep for reference.

The author confines himself almost entirely to a record of facts: when he does comment on them, his comments are usually of great assistance in their elucidation. There are, however, one or two passages showing signs of haste, which M. Houtin might with advantage revise in the future editions which will certainly be demanded. He seems to misunderstand M. Loisy's use of the terms "*une réalité purement surnaturelle*" and "*un fait surnaturel*" (p. 65) by which M. Loisy means, not a phenomenon alleged to have a supernatural cause, but a reality above and beyond phenomena and, therefore, in the nature of things, not to be demonstrated by the evidence of the senses. And, when M. Loisy says that history "*n'atteint pas le fond des choses*," he certainly (as the context indicates) does not mean that the historian cannot thoroughly investigate a phenomenon and ascertain its causes, but that history, like science, is concerned with phenomena and not with the Reality that underlies them. M. Houtin's treatment of these points would suggest to a reader unacquainted with M. Loisy's works that the latter holds the belief that a phenomenon can be "true for faith" and untrue in history. Of course, M. Houtin does not intend to suggest this, and, for that reason, we hope that he will revise this passage. We do not quite follow M. Houtin's meaning when he says that the modern spirit will never be content to regard the question of the divinity of Christ as insoluble from the historical point of view. Surely history is, in the nature of things, unable to solve such a problem; it cannot even decide finally whether Jesus was conscious of divinity, but can only say whether His sayings suggest that He was so conscious.

These, however, are but small criticisms of a book in which there is very little to criticise; and they do not in the least impair its value as a record. Some of the facts that the author records are both new and amazing. The account in chapter xi. of a course of lectures delivered at the Roman seminary by Father Hetzenhauer, professor of scriptural exegesis there, must be read to be appreciated. The worthy Professor's account of the origin of the devotion called the Angelus is an astonishing example of the workings of the theological mind; it is incredible that such a person should be regarded by the Pope in the twentieth century as the best man who could be found in Europe to instruct the clerical students of his own diocese. For the Gregorian University, the principal University of the Catholic world, Pius X. has selected Father Delattre, S.J., whose motto in regard to biblical exegesis is: "*Il faut tout prendre ou tout laisser*." M. Houtin gives some examples of this gentleman's lectures, which are only less astounding than those of Father Hetzenhauer.

The last chapter, on "*La vraie question*," is in some respects the most valuable in the book. M. Houtin, after pointing out that critics have no *a priori* objection to miracles, proceeds to give a perfectly candid statement of the critical analysis of the narratives of the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection and the Ascension. Hitherto, the critical objections to these narratives have been almost entirely shirked by the defenders of the traditional view; it is high time that they were faced and answered, if they can be. During the last few years the criticism of the New Testament and of these narratives in particular has made enormous strides, and the clergy of all Churches had better make up their minds that the orthodox belief

will not survive unless it can be shown to be compatible with historical honesty. They will nowhere find a clearer statement of what they have to meet than in M. Houtin's last chapter.

THE PERSONAL NOTE

Life of Descartes. By ELIZABETH S. HALDANE. (Murray, 15s. net.)

IN theology there are ever present two contradictory tendencies. One school attempts wholly to deify and the other wholly to humanise the Founder of Christianity. The same conflict of aims is observable in the world of biography. One writer puts his hero on a pedestal. For him genius is exceptional, isolated and unique, even to the tying or the not tying of its shoe-laces. Another delights to show his hero in shirt-sleeves and not infrequently ends by obscuring his real distinction under a tedious mass of personal and ephemeral trivialities. It is, indeed, a difficult task to hit the happy mean between the cothurnus and carpet slippers. If Miss Haldane's "*Life of Descartes*" smacks rather of a description of genius in a dressing-gown, what it loses in breadth of outlook it certainly gains in possessing the personal note, no small merit when we consider how comparatively uneventful was the philosopher's history. The autobiographical fragment contained in the "*Discours de la Méthode*" is a marvellous mosaic of phrases which for the most part have become historic. To develop it into a readable volume of near four hundred pages is no inconsiderable feat. Miss Haldane's success may best be understood by comparing her attempt at expansion with Farrer's unhappy inflation of the Gospel story. We attribute her success to the way in which she "mothers" her hero from start to finish, and also to her judicious handling of the epoch in which he lived. It is one of the besetting sins of the modern writer to drag in long biographical details about people of the day because they possibly met Descartes or another at a dinner-party. Here the times are made use of to form a proper background, and nothing is lugged in for its own sake. It cannot be said of Miss Haldane's hero that he has elsewhere his setting or that the setting itself "cometh from afar."

One of the most interesting points in Descartes's history, and certainly the most debatable, is his attitude towards the religion of his birth. Was he a sincere Catholic? Miss Haldane gives him the benefit of the doubt, and we are inclined to agree with her. We think his efforts to obtain the approbation of the Jesuits for his views were dictated by a judicious desire to hedge, coupled with a genuine wish to retain the goodwill of his former teachers, which seems very natural if we bear in mind his happy school days as a kind of gentleman commoner at La Flèche. We look on him, as we look on Erasmus, as a kind of Liberal Catholic. Few realise the extent to which free thought was permissible in the Church of the thirteenth century, which could contain in its bosom a Roger Bacon. Its traditions were by no means at an end in the seventeenth century. As for the charge of inconsistency, many a good Christian makes jettison to-day, consciously or unconsciously, of part of the Scriptures. He none the less would be highly indignant, and rightly so, were the name of Christian denied him.

In spite of Miss Haldane's careful analysis of the philosophic work of Descartes, we think the majority of her readers will hardly realise from the book itself how Descartes was to a very large extent, as Huxley said, the father of modern thought. Still, if the author had been more interested in the philosopher, it is quite possible she would not have given us such a breezy and chatty description of the man. "You cannot have it both ways" is a saw of proverbial philosophy which is not infrequently true, and those who want the philosopher will be able to find plenty about him elsewhere, thanks to the lengthy bibliography that Miss Haldane has appended to her work.

A WELSH MYSTIC

The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne. Edited by BERTRAM DOBELL. Second edition. (Dobell, 3s. 6d.)

WE must congratulate Mr. Dobell on the appearance of a second impression of Traherne's poetical works. He deserved success, and he has won it. We now look forward to the promised edition of the poet's prose writings. For since the publication in 1903 of some verses which Traherne left in manuscript he has become a figure of importance in the history of the literature of the Restoration. His is a strange fate. After a lapse into oblivion lasting some hundreds of years, he has obtained as a poet a shadow of the fame which he prayed that he might achieve in his lifetime as a prophet. It seems to us, however, that Traherne still remains more interesting in his character as a prophet than in his character as a poet. In the first he was a man of genius; in the second, only a man of talent. It was in his personality that his real power resided. Uniting, in a singular manner, the insight and innocence of a child with the enthusiasm and lucidity of mind of a man, he reduced philosophy to religion, and religion into a message of "joy in widest commonalty spread." He was a thinker with few ideas, but these ideas were by him transformed into feelings and built into the substance of his soul. In fine, he was a fanatic, but his fanaticism was of an exquisite, simple and beautiful order. He seems to shine through the dark and troubled atmosphere of his age like a bright and tranquil incarnation of the spirit of English mysticism of the earlier part of the seventeenth century.

He was the son of a poor shoemaker of Hereford, in which town he was born about the year 1636. In 1652 he came up to Oxford, intent upon bettering his position in life. But at the age of twenty-one he left the University, and, abandoning his worldly ambitions, "chose to live upon ten pounds a year and to go in leather clothes and feed upon bread and water," so that he might spend all his days in the search after felicity. "Seated among the silent trees and woods and hills" of Credenhill in Herefordshire, he meditated for ten years, and then came, in the service of the Lord Keeper, to London, where he died in 1674 just as he was endeavouring to found a religion of the spirit. No doubt, even had he lived, he would have failed as the Cambridge Platonists had done before him, for his point of view was more speculative and daring than theirs. In the matter of politics he was an Anglican priest of the old school: he held that the sacred person of the king was the connecting link between justice, the outer law, and religion, the inner law. In the matter of dogma, however, he was a mystic, for whom the doctrine of the fall of man was merely a symbol of the degradation suffered by every individual soul in the passage from childhood to manhood. This was, indeed, the principle of his philosophy. Like Henry More and Vaughan, he was a born Platonist. The origin and source of his mysticism were his vivid recollections of the brightness, innocence and beauty of his infancy. For him the poor shoemaker's house in Hereford ever remained the Eden where in the morning of life he had walked with God:

Those pure and virgin apprehensions I had in my infancy, and that divine light wherewith I was born, are the best unto this day wherein I can see the universe. . . . Certainly Adam in Paradise had not more sweet and curious apprehensions of the world than I when I was a child.

All appeared new and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was Divine; I knew by intuition those things which since my apostasy I collected again by the highest reason. . . . All things were spotless and pure and glorious; yea, and infinitely mine and joyful and precious. . . . I was entertained like an angel with the works of God in their splendour and glory; I saw all in the peace of Eden. . . .

The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the streets were as precious as

gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees when I saw them first through one of the gates transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids' strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street were moving jewels: I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided eternally as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The City seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins, and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it.

Traherne is a finer writer of prose than of verse, but even his poetry acquires colour and music whenever he relates in it the adventures of his soul in that golden age of life when:

The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as on creation day.

Though he never succeeds in rivalling the best things in Blake, there is something incomparable in the general quality of his poems of child-life. Recovering, in a sort of rapture, the pure, untroubled vision of infancy, he gazed again on the kingdom of the earth with the eyes of a child and found that it was the kingdom of heaven. This is the message of joy which is interwoven with the fragments of his philosophy, and with his discourse on "Christian Ethics."

The latter work is the only one on the subject which he completed, and it is an admirable instance of the original manner in which he entered upon his task. It shows that, amid all his enthusiasm, he maintained a sane, steady and lucid temper of mind. The question of morality was the weak point in his position, and this he endeavoured, first of all, to strengthen. The common defect of mysticism is that it is extremely individualistic. Instead of binding a man more closely to his kind in a community of love and work and worship, it transcends all moral laws and social obligations, and ends in a passive contemplativeness. Traherne condemned this apathy, as he called it, and traced it to its source in the philosophy of the Alexandrians. In his view, true felicity was attainable neither by wisdom nor by a passionless abstraction of the mind, but by a spirit of active and universal joy such as that by which the senses of a child were animated. He regarded the reason, the imagination and the will itself as mere acts of the soul, of which the essence was its infinite capacity for delight. It was as an object of joy that man was necessary to God and God to man; and as objects of joy men were necessary to men. The world, also, had been created as an object of joy. Only the vicious customs of mankind and the diseases of the will consequent thereon came between man and his felicity.

That all we see is ours, and every one
Possessor of the whole; that every man
Is like a God Incarnate on the Throne,
Even like the first for whom the world began . . .

That all may happy be, each one most blest,
Both in himself and others; all most high,
While all by each, and each by all possess,
Are intermutual joys beneath the sky.

This shows a wise contrivance, and discovers
Some great Creator sitting on the Throne,
That so disposeth things for all His lovers,
That every one might reign like God alone.

That is the sum of Traherne's philosophy. It is founded on a child-like faith; but was it not said of children that of such were the kingdom of heaven? We have, perhaps, more knowledge of the world than he: we have certainly far less capacity for joy.

IN A MEADOW

O GOD, I thank You for the Sunlight's gold
That bids my fancies with the rose unfold.
O God, I thank You for the Wood, that sighs
Its magic out, in rustling symphonies.
For purple Flag, and silver Meadow-Sweet,
Celestial poems, crushed beneath our feet.

O, tender God, what gifts I owe to You—
Earth's deepest green, and heaven's divinest blue.
Now solemn grows my heart—her discords cease,
She quaffs the stillness, and inhales the peace.
Slays her false grief, and sheds her unreal care,
And in the vast Enchantment bows in prayer!

ELEANOR NORTON

THE QUARTERLIES

IN a phrase that has often been used before, the July number of the *Quarterly* is varied. "The Cry of the Children" is a judicial summary of legislation for juveniles during the reign of Queen Victoria. If baby-farming is to be dealt with effectively, the reviewer does not see how much inquiry is required into the management of voluntary lying-in hospitals. "Geoffrey of Monmouth" is a pleasant exaltation of the writer of that name purely and simply as a romancist. The article on "Northumberland" is the least satisfactory in the number. It is evident that the writer has plenty of enthusiasm, and yet he scarcely writes like a native. His observations are practically confined to Bamborough and Dunstanburgh; when he wanders from them it is to commit such extraordinary mistakes as to speak of Flodden Field being between the Twizell and the Till—it lies between the Cheviots and the Till. Nor, at any rate, does he show any possession of that power that would have enabled him to suggest the peculiar charm of that land of "feud and fray." He does not so much as mention Lindisfarne with its sands and castles and ruins, and his easy eloquence gives no hint of that broken coast where the air still seems to retain a whispering echo of priest's chant and clansman's slogan. Wild scenery united with the most romantic ballad literature ought to have inspired something better than this. Though the author disclaims it, "Modern British Art" comes perilously near being a defence of the Royal Academy and an apology for "anecdotes in paint." He wishes to see "the intellectual and emotional sides of art resume the high place which they held during the periods of the past." And the apologist of a sister art in "The Literature of Egotism" does not score a more brilliant success. The passages selected for quotation are almost invariably commonplace. For example, he transcribes the extraordinary discovery that "the gift of expression is something very different indeed from mere garrulousness." It is a pity to see a *Quarterly* Reviewer ignorant of what should be the qualities of good prose. Mr. R. S. Rait writes ingeniously of John Knox, though with a pronounced bias. He fails to see that, for good or ill, John Knox was begotten by the very genius of Scotland, and that his work was to deepen the national characteristics.

In the *Edinburgh Review* the most literary article is that which deals with Alfred De Musset. In it the connection between the poet and George Sand is clearly and logically analysed. It is summed up in the following sentences:

No question here of whose the blame, whose the wrongdoing. We are face to face with the elemental facts, simple and human: a man in his youth, a woman in her maturity, of radically opposed instincts, have met; they have loved, they have wounded each other to the core; they have arranged to part, as if the fibres of two lives so closely interknitted—call the connection by what name we may—can

be severed at will with a knife. They have learnt too late that there is no court of divorce at whose bar the tie which bound the man to the woman he loved and wronged, which bound the woman to the lad to whose passion she had responded in tenderness and trust, could be so easily dissolved. They had to learn that man rivets such bonds, but that it takes something over which man has no dominion to annul them, the link may be broken, but the brand of the forging is on the soul.

The opening review of the number deals with Lord Randolph Churchill, and is on the whole a good character-study. In "A Representative Philosopher" we have a fine study of Descartes and the part he played in the evolution of human thought. One of the papers which it is difficult to take seriously is that on "Rationalism and Apologetic." The writer begins gaily enough with a promise to apply rationalism to religious opinions, but the article resembles a man beating the air; it wants backbone. Instead of solid argument the writer floods us with a mass of rhetoric. The following is a fair example of his style:

The material heaven of mediæval poets and painters, for instance, strikes a false note for us of to-day. The trim parterres and formal garden-paths of the Primitives have given place to the wind swept spaces of eternity; their demure saints and little piping angels to shadowy forms, vast and indeterminate, embodying a more than human intelligence, force, and will. The sense of limit irks us; the city that lieth foursquare is exchanged for the flaming walls of the world; and these again open and disclose endless vistas of aspiration and activity.

'O to be up and doing!'

A listless inert eternity were monotonous. Knowledge, love, achievement call, and we follow—to be deaf were death. It is not necessary, perhaps it is not even desirable, that all who hear it should move in the same direction. Temperament, circumstance, and heredity attach a man to this or that religious society or lead him to take up this or that form of religious activity. The essential thing is that it shall be religious. And this is not to be taken for granted or decided on surface grounds.

Its inconclusiveness is very apparent. Another article well worth reading is that on "Marino Falier," though, curiously enough, the writer omits Mr. Swinburne's play from his list of the books. The political articles are of the usual character.

THE POEMS AND PROPHECIES OF
THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

ALMOST as keen a controversy has raged over the merits of the literary productions of the late Thomas Lake Harris as raged over the merits of his religious doctrines. Just as some, who disliked his creed, pronounced him a charlatan, and just as others, who admired his faith, hailed him as a Prophet, so the two extremes were found among the critics of his books. One set unreservedly pronounced them to be ravings and worthless humbug; the other set unhesitatingly acclaimed them as the products of an original genius, and compared them with the loftiest flights of Milton and Shelley. Such differences are irreconcilable, and the proper course to take is to go direct to the volumes themselves and form an independent judgment.

A volume of sermons and two volumes of poems came into my hands in 1891 at the time the discussion on Thomas Lake Harris and Laurence Oliphant was at its height. I obtained permission from a member of the Brotherhood of the New Life to quote some of these poems in a London journal; later I was requested to deliver an address in St. James's Hall and say something of Harris's literary as well as his religious influence. I mention these personal circumstances because as a result sufficient interest was manifested in one who had been loosely termed "the unknown Prophet," to incite the Brotherhood to a public issue of his compositions. Accordingly, in the early part of 1892 three books, which had been exclusively kept for the reading and study of the members of the Harris fraternity, were published anew from a London office: "The New Republic; Prospects, Dangers, Duties, and Safeties of the Times;" "Brotherhood of the

New Life: Its Fact, Law, Method, and Purpose;" "The Great Republic: A Poem of the Sun." These were followed in due course by: "Lyra Triumphalis: People Songs, Ballads, and Marches;" "Battle Bells: Verse-studies in Social Humanity;" "God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society: Law, Process, and Result of Divine-Natural Respiration." But these only represented a very small portion of Harris's literary activity. From 1854 he wrote for public or private circulation, so far as I can compute, thirty-five volumes. Such is the formal record of an enterprise which created a peculiar interest at the time, but, I fear, was of no immediate gain. The British public was already prejudiced against the man who had been vehemently assailed for exercising a sinister influence over Laurence Oliphant; and his method of address, with a new and somewhat difficult phraseology, rendered it impossible for him to win a wide and appreciative hearing. Dr. Walter Lewin in a calm and unimpassioned review which appeared in the ACADEMY said that "there was enough in Mr. Harris's works to repay honest critical study in the stimulus of new ideas or old ideas re-stated. We are glad," he added, "to read what he has to say by way of criticism of things as they are, and of exposition of the ideal towards which he would lead mankind." This was in sharp contrast to another critic who quoted a verse which displeased him, and on the strength of it dismissed all Harris's writings as "senseless rhodomontade," "indescribable stupidity," "ridiculous egotism," "worthless nonsense," and "ludicrous lucubrations." When we remember that Laurence Oliphant himself had found these compositions "noble and inspiring," and that for forty years they have attracted intellectual giants like Horace Greeley, Charles Dana, and that remarkable poet, Edward Markham, the problem of their real merit and value becomes the more difficult to solve. That they possess conspicuous defect as well as conspicuous excellence, I for one, as an earnest student of them, should not hesitate to confess; that they are occasionally uncouth and obscure must also be admitted; while it is obvious that to the uninitiated many of the statements must seem mysterious and many of the ideas grotesque. But, when all this is admitted, justice demands the admission also that the prose works are charged with vital power and the poetry infused with true charm and beauty.

It is impossible, of course, to dissociate Harris's literary works from his religious doctrines. We trace through them, in fact, the growth and development of that peculiar form of Christian faith with which his name will be linked; we hear the strengthened note of confidence, as time goes on, that he was reaching his goal and attaining that culminating triumph which was to be marked by human immortality. Moreover, he was a social reformer, and in prose and verse he set forth his Utopian ideas of social regeneration. He dwelt in an Arcadia of his creation. He worked out a system of democracy. Tolstoy might have joined hands with him in this, for both literally interpreted the Sermon on the Mount and harked back to "primitive Christianity." However deluded Thomas Lake Harris may have been, his sincerity can scarcely be questioned and his absolute purity of mind is attested by all who met him. Of course, he was a dreamer, a man of constant visions; and his strangely beautiful ideal is figured in that picture-poem "The Great Republic: A Poem of the Sun":

A great republic built aloft,
In middle splendour of the Sun's dominions:
Thither, when slumber with its kisses soft
Sealed the dim eyes, my spirit plumed its pinions.

If thou hast trod in crypts, where old Tradition
Carves talismans and amulets of bones;
If thou hast vainly fought the red Perdition,
That slays the people from its hundred thrones;
If thou art cursed by man, cursed for the bringing
Of truth and love: then listen to my singing.

He looked forward to the establishment of a new kingdom "based and built on inspirations," when all people would enjoy a common faith, a common hope, and a common energy for the common uprise. This Republic was only to be accessible by "divinity in fitness"—"its hand must lift every man above its accidents and its bosom upbear every woman from her misfortunes." Only men who had matriculated in the University of Labour would be prepared for the supreme evolution. "Education," he said, in a characteristically pregnant sentence, "is through agonies."

Given the men, evolutionised into the spirit and passion of the service; given a quickening of the masses; given the hour of the opportune, and it is no more a matter of difficulty to organise the New Republic, throned in the structures of fitting environment, crowned with the splendid lights of a supreme human intelligence, than it was for the Argonauts of '48 to open the treasures of the palaces, and for their successors to establish the present statehood.

I extract this passage from one of his prose deliverances as a specimen of his style as well as of his ideas.

But it is in his poems that we come not only to the most glowing outbursts but to another phenomenon. These works were nearly all written whilst he was in a state of trance. Of his "Lyric of Morning Land," running to some six thousand five hundred lines, he related that it was dictated to him in thirty hours "after the archetypal ideas had been internally wrought by spiritual agency." During that period he was in a state "analogous to physical death," and on emerging he found he had produced the poem that was "bred in heaven with breath-like bridal-blooms." Therefore he could write with the greater confidence that:

This book can not be slain;
'Twill live, 'twill walk the world and wing the air,
Surviving every pompous priestly fane
The weary earth groans under, loth to bear.

Dear shall it be to Lovers; like a lamp
With crimson radiance, rose-perfumed and fed,
That guides from earth's low caverns drear and damp,
To where, in heaven, true hearts are angel-wed.

Take it, O world, it is an angel boon,
Dear-purchased by the hand that bore it down.

In his lines on "The Spiritual Ministry of Night," in the song, "Love is Endless," and in the beautiful address to Sleep:

In dreams the sails of thought, unfurled,
Waft us like barques where angels keep
Close-veiled within the unknown seas
Their watch; to saint upon his knees
Great God! how near thou comest down

—we assuredly find him rising to a high plane. His story of the Sun:

With all its splendid grace
A shadow from the Almighty face,

revealed the boldness of his imagination; indeed, it might well be complained that he showed too much daring in his themes and his treatment. But his direct messages to mankind were as simple as they were wholesome. "Grow perfect in the sanity of life," he said.

Grow perfect! bide thy time! in thine own being
Solve by an actual test the problems vast
That vex mankind; and, if the years are fleeing,
Wait patiently . . .
Be chaste, be true, be wholly consecrated
To virgin right. So shall thy soul unchain
The powers that for the perfect man have waited.

Purity was his watchword. The innocence of the child was to be imitated, both in life-deeds and in faith, as when

Our fathers in the golden age of yore
Found Bibles in the daisies at the door.

He was a hymn-writer whose lines have found their way into more than one volume for congregations that knew little of the man from whom they emanated. His "Battle Bells" and "Lyra Triumphalis," intended to stimulate

social reform, seem to me to be subtly impressive. In a note of "Greeting" the author explained that whilst his vocation was that of "a practical industrialist, calling forth from the good soil its corn, oil and wine," he had another function: "Intellectual ministry to the People; a helper in social labours."

It was the custom of Thomas Lake Harris to send constant messages to the fraternity on events of the day and to counsel them in regard to their own attitude. Despite his seclusion, he was fully abreast with the times, and his comments were those of a shrewd, discerning man. He was an omnivorous reader of all the best authors, a lover both of books and of art. A visitor to Fountain Grove found the home of the Brotherhood one of bewildering beauty:

So many lofty rooms open into each other by archways, and there are pictures, pictures everywhere in endless profusion. The walls are white, touched with a little gold, and in most of the archways hang portières of black and gold or deep-red. The rooms are lined with pictures; they stand around on top of the low bookshelves, and even on the floor. Most of them are very old, some dating back three hundred years.

In his more technical works, particularly his later ones relating to the discovery of "the divine breath in man," Harris created a form of expression that admittedly is very difficult to understand. He required new terms, and he manufactured them. It needs a special education to know exactly what he meant by "one-twinness," or to follow the profound and complex argument in the five hundred and eighty paragraphs explanatory of the "opening of the spirit of the human structure to breathe down its mental formation, thence down into its passionless formation, and thence through the passionless into the extreme lungs of other breathing organs of the extreme corporeal image." But it is not necessary to plunge into this seething mass of words to understand the main doctrine which Harris epitomised in this one sentence: "God is discoverable: the pure in heart can find him." Better still, in this hour when a kindly thought can be given by all to the dead man who had dreamed of perpetual youth, to think of the haunting music of those lines of invocation in which he touched the sweetest of chords:

If thou hast hope, e'en now, that man, victorious
O'er tyranny and infamy, shall be
Himself a temple of that Life all-glorious
Who smiles through earth and gives eternity;
Or seest the beautiful Ideal winging
Her flight below: then listen to my singing.

If thou art flushed with Love's immortal passion;
If thou art yearning for its bliss divine;
Ay, if thy scattered locks with age are ashen,
And slow thy pulses in the dim decline;
Once more inhale the fragrance that is clinging
To my white robes: and listen to my singing.

J. CUMING WALTERS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

ROBERT BARCLAY

How many persons now alive have read:

An Apology for the True Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and preached by the People called in Scorn Quakers?

I forbear to quote the whole title-page, which, after the manner of the seventeenth century, is prolix in the extreme; and I suppose I need hardly add that I do not purpose to deal with the theological aspect of the Apology. Not being myself one of the People called in Scorn Quakers, I have never read through the body of the work: and, indeed, I should never have read even the prefatory address to King Charles II., but for the accident of my being lineally descended from Robert Barclay of Ury, the author of the Apology.

When I did read the Address, the first thing that arrested my attention was its masterly tact. Quakers, as every one knows, proscribe all titles of honour and phrases of compliment, yet there is not a line or a sentence in the Address which might not have been written or spoken by the most courtly of courtiers. I do not lay stress on the skill with which the personal pronoun, Thou, is used, because in English, ancient or modern, Thou is the pronoun by which the Deity is addressed. The word, accordingly, implies no familiarity; indeed, I suspect that the modern Quaker bad grammar, "thee" for "thou" in the second person nominative singular, may be an effort to avoid addressing the creature by the same word whereby the Creator is addressed. The French, we all know, address *le bon Dieu* as *vous*—or rather, French Roman Catholics do; for French Protestants use the scriptural *tu*. But to return to Barclay and the Address to the King. It begins thus:

Unto Charles II., King of Great Britain and the Dominions thereunto belonging, Robert Barclay [I omit some theological phrases] wisheth Health and Salvation.

Here we have no "Majesty" nor any allusion to Divine Right; but the Kingship of Charles II. and his title to rule over Great Britain and the dominions thereof are unreservedly acknowledged. It is curious that Ireland is not mentioned by name; for, as it happens, parts of Ireland became great strongholds of Quakerism, and there are probably at least as many descendants of Robert Barclay in Ireland as in Scotland at the present day. The Address continues:

As the Conditions of Kings and Princes puts them in a Station more obvious to the View and Observation of the World than that of other men, of whom (as Cicero observes) neither any Word or Action can be obscure; so are those Kings, during whose appearance upon the Stage of this World it pleaseth the Great King of Kings singularly to make known unto men the wonderful Steps of His Unsearchable Providence, more signally observed and their Lives and Actions more diligently remarked and inquired into by Posterity; especially if those things be such as not only relate to the outward Transactions of this World, but also are signalized by the Manifestation or Revelation of the Knowledge of God in matters Spiritual and Religious. . . .

I must needs confess that this preamble sets out with a hazy bit of grammar; the *whom* in the first sentence may have the words "other men" for antecedent, as well as the words "Kings and Princes"; but the reader need not be misled. The style of the paragraph generally, if stilted, is grand and dignified, but the next paragraph is finer still:

Among all these Transactions, which it hath pleased God to permit, for the Glory of His Power, and the Manifestation of His Wisdom and Providence, no Age furnisheth us with things so strange and marvellous whether with respect to matters Civil or Religious, as these that have fallen out within the compass of Thy time; who though Thou be not yet arrived at the Fiftieth Year of Thy Age, hast yet been a Witness of stranger things than many Ages before produced. So that whether we respect those various Troubles wherein Thou found'st Thyself engaged while scarce got out of Thy Infancy; the many different Afflictions, wherewith Men of Thy Circumstances are often unacquainted; the strange and unparallel'd Fortune that befel Thy Father; Thy own narrow Escape, and Banishment following thereupon, with the very great improbability of Thy ever Returning, at least without very much Pains and tedious Combatings; or finally, the incapacity Thou wert under to accomplish such a Design, considering the Strength of those that had possessed themselves of Thy Throne, and the Terror they had inflicted upon Foreign States; and yet that after all this, Thou should'st be Restored without stroke of Sword, the help or assistance of Foreign States, or the contrivance and work of Humane [*sic*] Policy. All these do sufficiently declare that it is the Lord's Doing, which, as it is marvellous in our Eyes, so it will justly be a matter of Wonder and Astonishment to the Generations to come. . . .

I here again omit some theological allusions.

Now, I am not concerned to deny that these sentences are prolix and involved; we who have been brought up on the crisp terseness of Macaulay may be pardoned if such sentences make us stare and gasp. But Milton himself was prolix and involved: nay, a hundred years later, Johnson was prolix and involved. What I would ask attention to is the evidence, which stares us in the face in every line of this harangue, that the author is a scholar,

and is moreover a scholar who has been nurtured upon some early translation of the Bible. Not necessarily King James's Bible, which we now call the Authorised Version; in fact, in the body of the Apology there are texts taken from some other translation.

Barclay is very cautious that his Address to the King shall not be mistaken for what is commonly called a Dedication. He writes:

As it is inconsistent with the Truth I bear, so it is far from me to use this Epistle as an Engine to flatter Thee, the usual design of such Works; and therefore I can neither Dedicate it to Thee nor crave Thy Patronage, as if thereby I might have more Confidence to present it to the World, or be more hopeful of its success.

The rest of the paragraph of which these are the opening lines is wholly theological, and I have quoted these lines merely to show the sturdy independence of Barclay's character. I claim for him that he is a great man of letters, and part of the evidence I adduce is that while asserting the simplicity of Quaker diction, he never loses sight either of dignity or of courtesy. The concluding paragraphs of the Address are probably the finest.

There is no King in the World who can so experimentally testify of God's Providence and Goodness; neither is there any who rules so many free People, so many true Christians; which thing renders Thy Government more Honourable, Thyself more Considerable, than the Accession of many nations filled with slavish and superstitious Souls.

Thou hast tasted of Prosperity and Adversity; thou know'st what it is to be banished Thy Native Country, to be Over-ruled as well as to Rule and sit upon the Throne; and being oppressed Thou hast reason to know how hateful the Oppressor is both to God and Man. If after all these Warnings and Advertisements Thou dost not turn unto the Lord with all Thy Heart; but forget him who remembered Thee in Thy distress, and give up Thyself to follow Lust and Vanity. Surely great will be thy condemnation.

Against which Snare, as well as the Temptation of those that may or do feed Thee and prompt Thee to Evil, the most Excellent and Prevalent Remedy will be to apply thyself to that Light of Christ which shineth in Thy Conscience, which neither can nor will flatter Thee, nor suffer Thee to be at ease in Thy Sins; but doth and will deal plainly and faithfully with Thee, as those that are Followers thereof have also done.

Here we have none of the coarse vituperation with which John Knox had assailed King Charles's great grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots. And yet the Address to the King is dated "the 25th of the month called November, in the year 1675"—Barclay having apparently so far conformed to the usage of the world as to call the month by its Latin name. It is just as well he did so; for, if he had described it by a number, the state of the calendar just then was such that we might not have known whether it was new or old style. But this is a digression. In 1675 the Court of Charles II. was at its height as a hotbed of scandals. Barclay, however, was too good a Christian to indulge in railing accusations—too well bred a gentleman to use language other than courteous—and too great a master of English to need vituperation for the sake of emphasis. His stately periods had really more point than the scolding of the Puritan preacher. But Barclay was courteous where Knox was coarse; and Knox left no such monument as the Apology. Moreover, although he did not convert the King, he so far prevailed with him as to procure indulgences for the Quaker sect. We may give even Charles Stuart credit so far, that he recognised the sincerity of the Quaker principle of non-resistance. James II. also became a patron of the Quakers and a personal friend of Barclay: it was to Barclay that James said: "The wind is fair for the Prince of Orange to come over." There is too much reason to fear that James's regard for his Quaker friend was assumed as a political blind; but I refrain from political as well as theological comments.

As I have mentioned Quaker non-resistance, I may as well give a story which I find in the life of Robert Barclay, written by David Barclay of Walthamstow in 1802. It is to the effect that Robert Barclay, his wife and her brother, and a Dutch friend named Aarent Sonmans, were travelling to London from a place in Hertfordshire, when they were bidden by a highwayman to stand and deliver. The biographer tells us that:

When the robber presented his pistol, Robert Barclay calmly asked him "how he came to be so rude," and took him by the arm; on which the robber let the pistol drop, and offered him no further violence, but his brother-in-law was rifled, and Sonmans received a mortal wound in the thigh, though it was thought rather accidentally than by design.

There might be a good deal to say about this incident, if we were discussing the Quaker doctrine of non-resistance, or even if we were dealing with Barclay's personal courage. But this *Causerie* is not concerned with either of those topics.

The Apology is only one of this remarkable writer's numerous works; his short life was for the most part passed in theological controversy. The biography I have already quoted does not give the date of his birth, but does state that he died on October 3, 1690, in the forty-second year of his age. I suppose one would have to ransack libraries to find copies of his minor writings; I know not whether the Apology itself was ever reprinted after the eighteenth century. I have in my possession a copy,

Printed and sold by T. Sowle Raylton and Luke Hinde, at the Bible in George Yard Lombard Street 1736,

and a later one by Baskerville, Birmingham, 1765. The Life which I have quoted is said to be printed and sold by W. Phillips at George Yard Lombard Street in 1802.

It may be that these are scanty authorities for the opinion I have expressed, that Robert Barclay was a great master of English. Possibly, if I quoted from the body of the Apology, I could strengthen my position, but I could not expect the ACADEMY to inflict upon its readers quotations from a work of controversial divinity.

EDWARD JAFFRAY.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Nepenthe," by Robert Bridges.]

FICTION

Face to Face and Dolorosa. By FRANCISCO ACEBAL. Presented in English by MARTIN HUME. (Constable, 6s.)

WE were exceedingly interested to make the acquaintance of a young modern Spanish novelist, Don Francisco Acebal, whom Major Martin Hume, an acknowledged authority on matters Spanish, introduces to English readers in the present volume. But after the commendation of the preface we cannot but confess disappointment in the two short novels which the book contains. "*Mater Dolorosa*" is the tragedy of an only son worshipped by his mother and by his father, who is a worker in iron. They lavish money on him and he becomes a handsome sculptor with a studio in a gay quarter of Madrid; naturally, he is out of sympathy with his parents through the advantages which they have rejoiced to give him. The early part of the story is good—the ironmongery and its old master, whose nature has become imbued with some of the qualities of the iron he is constantly handling; the mother's delight at the birth of her baby son, and her unwillingness to let him ever come in contact with anything to do with the ironmongery—even his father's hands; the waggoners who bring presents from customers in the country to the "young gentleman" they have never seen—the whole picture is drawn with convincing clearness. But when the boy becomes a man he seems to lose his identity, and the tragedy of his murder in consequence loses all its poignancy. A shadow merely has been stabbed. There is nothing inevitable and, therefore, nothing moving about his end. "*Face to Face*" is finely conceived and worked out with considerable delicacy. In it Acebal shows the gradual encroachments of a great ironfoundry over the estates of a Spanish marquis, and how the young ironfounder wins the Marquis's daughter and even the old Marquis himself—pride of race caught by the tentacles of

labour and strength. Though there is cleverness and subtlety in Acebal's work, there is no greatness: and nothing to warrant Major Hume's mention of him in the same breath with such masters as Turgenev and Tolstoy. Both novels, however, were well worth translation, and the translation has been made into admirable English, idiomatic and precise.

Profit and Loss. By JOHN OXENHAM. (Methuen, 6s.)

BUOYANCY is the feature of Mr. Oxenham's work, and it is an excellent quality; but with it is mingled an extravagant optimism, which brings to his fiction the kind of unnatural sweetness that simpers from the pictures of Carlo Dolce, and becomes rapidly wearisome. "Profit and Loss" is no exception. It is packed with life and incident, and each of the many characters has a distinct personality, as far as can be discerned through the strong rose-coloured light that is thrown upon them. The story deals with Mrs. Barty and her family, Meg, Joan (the girls are angels), and George, who is the hero, a paragon, and, as is not unusual with paragons, more than a little priggish. His bent is literature, and at it he sets to work with a will and eventual success, after travelling with a lunatic through Europe; the idiot tries to stab him, runs away and is lost in a storm on the Swiss mountains. George is nursed by Mary Lindsay, the companion of an old lady who has also died, and they travel slowly back home to the Bloomsbury boarding-house which his mother keeps. A fillip is given to the plot by the arrival towards the end of the book, just when George and Mary are affianced, of Mr. Barty, the convict-father, who declares himself to be Mary's father also; she, however, is only his step-daughter by a bigamous marriage, and the incident only adds to the happiness of the finale, because the convict-father returns to Australia and leaves behind him a little fortune of one hundred cool thousands. But the story, improbable as it is, goes with a swing, and some of the characters, notably Joan and a Mrs. Baird and Joan's mother, have charm in spite of everything, and they will be welcomed with the same degree of affection that is lavished upon the Madonnas of Carlo Dolce.

Wilhelmina in London. By BARRY PAIN. (Long, 3s. 6d.)

THE vaporous, ringleted beauties of the early Victorian Era are hardly to be regretted; but in these days, when the equality of the sexes is the subject for ever on the lips of plain and spectacled enthusiasts, who care more for their intellectual bumps than for their figures, it is refreshing to know of at least one woman who, after a varied and not unsuccessful career, can face the truth boldly and admit that her good fortune is owing to her looks, and has come to her "more because of the outside of her head than of the inside." In fact, the pretty woman rushed in where her cleverer sisters feared to tread, and prospered. Coming to London with the fixed determination to live by her wits alone, she ignored the fact that those wits were backed by considerable beauty. But Wilhelmina is only human. She takes her revenge on her good looks by swathing herself in hideous blue linen, smearing her features with black machine oil, and devoting herself to the doctoring and driving of motor cars. Her sacrifice is rewarded by a signal triumph over a mere man, whom she discovers trying to drive an unwilling motor with but one teaspoonful of petrol in its tank. Though possessed of a kind heart, Wilhelmina has a keen sense of humour, and we pity the unfortunate man. The quaint maid-of-all-work, Minnie Saxe, "flat as a board, with a small bun of sand-coloured hair, a mouth like a steel vice, and an eye like a gimlet," who "engaged" Wilhelmina "as mistress" early in her career, is a delightful character. "Given the sex and the opportunities, she would have been Napoleon;" as it is, she contents herself with "doing for" Wilhelmina and managing a weak-kneed old father. Her struggles with this poor old reprobate, who suffers from an inordinate craving, not for drink but

for sweets, are highly entertaining; so is the story of Wilhelmina, who comes to London intent on making a fortune, but determined not to adopt any of the usual professions open to her sex. Her attempts are many and ingenious, and we are genuinely sorry to reach the last chapter, in which she "acknowledges in white satin, Honiton lace and orange blossom, that she is a woman after all."

FINE ART

ARTHUR TOMSON

OF late years Fate has been cruel to our younger painters, Arthur Melville, Robert Brough, Charles Wellington Furse and Arthur Tomson—what might not these have accomplished had their span of life been longer? To the loss British painting sustained by the premature deaths of Furse and Melville we have been awakened by the exhibitions recently held at the Burlington Fine Arts Club and at the Institute, and now the Memorial Exhibition of Arthur Tomson's paintings at the Baillie Gallery (54 Baker Street) quickens our regret that this sincere and talented artist should have been cut off in mid-career, at the very moment when the powers he patiently developed were finding fuller and statelier expression.

Like many of his fellow members of the New English Art Club, Tomson was a critic as well as a painter, and for many years his articles on art in the *Morning Leader* were eagerly sought after. Unlike certain of the clubmen, Tomson was not a critic who occasionally painted, but a painter who occasionally criticised; and though his theory of art was as sound and stimulating as his practice, we must, for the fullest revelation of his personality, go to his paintings rather than to his newspaper articles or even his book on Millet and the Barbizon School (Bell, 1903). The remarkable insight into the aims of the French Romanticists shown in this volume led many readers but slightly acquainted with the author's paintings to class him among the numerous imitators of the Barbizon painters. No estimate of Tomson's art could be more erroneous. His landscapes are peculiarly free from foreign influence; they are essentially British, and have far more in common with those of Cecil Lawson, Constable and the Norwich masters than with any work by Millet, Rousseau or Diaz. His subjects were much the same as those of the Romanticists, for, as Mrs. Pennell observes in her preface to Mr. Baillie's catalogue:

Like them, he [Tomson] went to the country for inspiration; not the stately country of Claude with its castles and ruins and classic elegance; but the country at his very threshold—the country where men toil and labour.

Here, then, the external resemblance ends, and, since the painters of Barbizon have this much in common with our own Constable, we may justly contend that in this particular also Tomson maintained a national tradition. His landscapes are not topographical, being, as all landscapes should be, a rendering of a mood of nature rather than an inventory of the features of any particular place, and it was his aim to present this rendering not only with truth but with beauty, that is to say in harmonious colour and rhythmical pattern. On the importance of design he was never tired of laying stress in his writings. "For attitude," said Tomson, the painter "should go to Nature, for colouring he should consult the requirements of his subject, but in regulating the arrangement of either, he should consult first of all that which lies within himself." Possibly, if Tomson had gone direct to nature for his colour as well as his "attitude," his landscapes might seem to us more modern in feeling and less old-fashioned in style. For while we admire the arrangement and atmosphere in such great sweeps of country side as *In the Down Country* (16) and *The Happy Valley* (30) it cannot be denied that a certain conventionality of colour takes

us back to Crome and Constable respectively rather than to nature herself. In what direction his landscape would have developed it is impossible to say, but there is every reason to suppose that it would have grown more and more personal, more and more original; for towards the latter end of his life his art was changing into a second manner. And the salient features of this second manner were a growing preoccupation with truth to nature's lighting—best exemplified in his last picture, *The Coming Storm* (9)—and an increasing devotion to the study of the sea. Pure seascapes he rarely attempted, but in his later landscapes glimpses of the sea, in the middle distance or on the horizon, recur like a sweet refrain. In such a painting as *On the Cornish Coast* (22), with a farm labourer and horses ploughing in the foreground while beyond them a great stretch of sea reaches out to the horizon, Tomson invents what is practically a new *genre*, a combination of landscape, or rustic, with marine painting. In this welding together of downs, sea and sky into one harmonious whole he expresses a typical aspect of English landscape which has seldom been attempted and never portrayed with greater skill or deeper feeling.

Though stricken down in the very act of creating this new *genre*, Tomson had already proved his complete mastery of another subject which he made singularly his own. This was the humble Tabby, for, as Mrs. Pennell tells us:

He loved cats. His house was always full of them. . . . He kept them with him at all hours. He was familiar with their every movement, every curve of their soft, graceful bodies, as they lay relaxed in slumber, as they bent over the saucer of milk, as they rolled and leaped in play, as they crouched, rigid and alert, waiting to spring upon their prey. And as he knew them, so he drew and painted them. He never degraded them into an excuse for tedious sentimentalism, or Academic anecdote.

When these little cat-paintings were first shown at the New English and International exhibitions they proved a revelation to painters and the public; for, while cat-lovers marvelled at their truth and at the painter's insight into feline character and habits, craftsmen were equally lost in admiration of the beautiful colour-harmonies and exquisite designs. The place of Arthur Tomson in English landscape art must be left for future historians to determine, but if to paint one thing supremely well—more truthfully and more beautifully than it has ever been painted before—is to achieve greatness, then Tomson has a place, however humble, among the masters, if only for his unrivalled paintings of our friend the cat.

MUSIC

EARS TO HEAR

CHARLES LAMB, in his famous essay beginning: "I have no ear," shows that he must have been a keen listener to music without the key to comprehend and enjoy it. Otherwise he could not have been so much annoyed by it. He must have possessed, as it were, one side, at least, of the musical temperament, and he must have applied himself pretty rigorously to unravel the mystery which was denied him. It seems to me that he had the qualities which the ordinary half-musical frequenter of concert rooms lacks, while he had not those which such people possess. He knew how to listen, but knew not the interpretation thereof. We who so constantly listen vaguely and badly are often content with the kind of enjoyment which costs least trouble.

An impression, strengthened lately by new scenes and fresh experiences, has long since formed itself in my mind, that we Londoners need a good deal of teaching, followed by something of a reformation, before we can be said to be good listeners to music. I say nothing of the overcrowding of many concerts into a small part of the year, or of the other unbeautiful conditions, which

the exigencies of town life make almost necessary. Such things are, after all, extraneous attributes and do not affect the mental attitude of the individual hearer. But that attitude often seems a wrong one, and there is a disease which afflicts the educated listener, and of which we only become aware either when we have left off for the time being trying to listen, or when, in some special moment, we hear with new ears. Once, not long ago, I came late to a concert at Queen's Hall, where a programme of more or less student works was being given, and found the slow movement of a new symphony in progress. I did not know that it was a symphony or who its composer was, and although it was not very great music, to follow it to its close was a delight of an entirely new kind. We very rarely get the chance of hearing a work without knowing anything of what is coming, and I am not contending that we are dependent upon a condition of blissful ignorance for right hearing. But in that particular case my ignorance of the work and my desire to catch the thread of it made me exercise all my faculties in a way which usually I do not trouble to do, and increased my pleasure tenfold. As I say, that piece of music was not very great or very profound, but it taxed all my general knowledge to make up for the lack of special knowledge. It gave me a taste of what would be the pleasure to a perfectly trained listener, who heard some masterpiece, say a Brahms symphony, under similar conditions. Very few have ever had this experience, for at the first hearing of the world's greatest masterpieces few have had the genius of listening sufficiently developed on all sides to grasp their meaning.

But with works which we know, most of us need to exercise our faculties aided by our knowledge in much keener fashion than we usually do, and, if we did, we should gain a much stronger, clearer impression from each hearing, so long as the work is really worth hearing again. We generally know at once too much and too little, enough to blunt our natural faculties rather by making us lazy, not enough to assist in following the main thread. The small contrivances to save an audience trouble, the little snips of information and musical quotations printed in programmes or distributed by concert agents to newspaper critics are a nuisance and a hindrance to the listener. If you know the work, they are less than your knowledge: if you are ignorant of it, they flatter you with a certain sense of knowledge for which you have not worked. Of course, a thoughtful analysis of a work, read before going to hear it, may be a real help, but even this ought to be kept out of the concert room. Miniature scores are another source of evil. Delightful and useful as they are to the student at home, yet it is dreadful to see people at a concert, their faces buried in the score, chasing the themes from strings to woodwind, imagining that they are improving their knowledge, while the music goes by them almost unheard.

No, the perfect listener will of course bring with him the perfect knowledge which includes these things, but the problem, as I conceive it, is to know well and to listen well at the same time. Curiously enough, it seemed to me at the recent Handel festival that within its limitations the audience there had found out how to do this. The devotees of Handel at the Crystal Palace really know their *Judas Maccabaeus* well, and yet listen to it with an eagerness which makes one think what magnificent musical audiences we might boast, if the same qualities could be brought to bear on more exacting types of music. Their knowledge has for the most part been gained by the solid method of singing the choruses in provincial choral societies, by singing and playing the solos at home as well as by listening. Perhaps Handel's artificial position as the fetish of English music does something to get him a good audience, even in these advanced days, by helping to create the desire to listen; but it is far more the real knowledge combined with the real enthusiasm, which his finest moments can still excite, that does this. Moreover, it is for the most part knowledge of the right sort; it is

knowing the music as music, having a complete impression of the whole, rather than analytical knowledge, which most helps the listener. Academic knowledge is often as much a snare to the listener as to the composer, because it needs a great mind to subordinate it to its proper place.

Once we are armed with adequate knowledge, the next thing is to keep to the point in listening, not to be led away by momentary sound-effects, either good or bad, things which become more conspicuous as our knowledge increases. Most of us have been annoyed by the criticism of the cultivated person, who refuses to admit that he enjoyed a fine performance because of small blemishes; just as we all have felt outraged by the applause following a last high note, where the whole performance was bad. These are instances of the educated and the ignorant alike losing the point, led away by a cross trail. Concentration is, of course, the moral of it all. You cannot concentrate attention while programmes, scores, or your own stock of knowledge claim each a separate part of it. When the knowledge becomes assimilated, it contributes to the end and helps to give the hearer ears to hear.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

A FEW more extracts from Mr. Murray's autumn list may be of interest to our readers. It is announced, and we hope finally, that "The Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837-1861" on which Mr. Arthur C. Benson and Lord Esher have been hard at work for some time, will appear before Christmas. There are to be three illustrated volumes. "The Young People," by An Older Companion, is a book of light essays on "the manifold happiness of the London life of certain young people well known to the writer," forming a manual for every one who loves London and children, written especially for the children. "Adrift in New Zealand," by E. Way Elkington, gives the experiences of a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society who arrived in New Zealand with only threepence and spent seven years in the country with varied occupation and fortune. He devotes some space to the Maoris, with whom at one time he dwelt. "Colonization and Empire" by F. A. Kirkpatrick, and "Empire Builders" by W. K. Stride, are lectures that may be given with a magic lantern, describing the growth of the Colonies and the great men, from King Alfred to James Cook, who have worked for the Empire. Among natural history books we observe Mr. Tickner Edwards's "An Idler in the Wilds," a book illustrated by the author, who deals, as in his delightful former books, with wild nature and country life. "Queen and Cardinal," by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant, is a sketch of the life and companions of Anne of Austria, the famous Regent of France and mother of Louis XIV.; and another historical work, of a different order, is Mr. Horatio F. Brown's translation from the Italian of Pompeo Molmenti's "History of Venice." There will be three volumes of this, in two parts each; dealing respectively with Venice in the Middle Ages, in the Golden Age, and in her decadence. The new Indian Texts Series is to start with Niccolao Manucci's "Storia Do Mogor," or Mogul Memoirs (1643-1708), translated and edited with notes and introduction (under the supervision of the Royal Asiatic Society) by Mr. William Irvine. Craftswomen will be interested in Mrs. Mincoff's "Pillow Lace," an illustrated manual for workers and collectors.

Mr. W. A. Horn, who, some twelve years ago, fitted out the "Horn Scientific Expedition to Central Australia," has written a book of travel reminiscences which he calls "Notes by a Nomad: An Olla-Podrida." This work will be illustrated from photographs taken by the author and will shortly be published by Messrs. Melville and Mullen of Melbourne and London.

Mr. David Nutt announces the publication, early in the autumn, of a new novel by Mr. Arnold Bennett, entitled "Whom God Hath Joined—" It is a study of the

problems of marriage and divorce in modern society. The action opens in the district of the Five Towns and the later scenes take place in the Law Courts.

Mrs. Meynell has made a selection from the poems of Father John B. Tabb, of St. Charles College, Maryland, which will be published by Messrs. Burns and Oates.

Messrs. Methuen announce a little guide to Normandy by Mr. Cyril Scudamore, with forty illustrations and a railway map; and a book by Mr. S. Baring-Gould on the history, legends and beauties of the Rhine, with illustrations in colour by Mr. Trevor Haddon and a series of reproductions from photographs.

Professor Garvie has been writing a survey of the recent literature on Christian ethics which will appear in the forthcoming number of the "Review of Theology and Philosophy."

Messrs. Jack announce for the autumn publishing season a number of the most famous poems of all time, printed in bold type and specially illustrated by a series of pictures by well-known artists of to-day. The booklets will be sold at the same price as the various series at present on the market which have either no illustrations or merely black and white reproductions. The artists' work in this series will be rendered in the full colours of the originals.

Mr. Alston Rivers announces for immediate publication a novel of Devonshire, called "A Pixy in Petticoats," by a new author.

Messrs. Cassell are about to issue monthly a sixpenny edition of standard novels, the first of which, "The Hundred Days," by Max Pemberton, will appear on Wednesday next. It is the aim of Messrs. Cassell to give a six-shilling novel for sixpence, and each publication of their monthly issue of the sixpenny edition will be cheap only in price.

The "Jewish Literary Annual" to be published in October will contain many new features. The volume will include the Presidential Address delivered last October by Sir Philip Magnus, M.P., before the Union of Jewish Literary Societies, whose organ the Annual is; a symposium on Jewish religious education in England, and a series of essays dealing with the progress of Jewish literature in the different European countries during the year. This section will contain articles on Yiddish literature and on Hebrew literature and that of the Holy Land. The volume, edited by Mr. Albert M. Hyamson, will conclude with a *résumé* of the activities of the Union and its forty constituent societies during the past year.

The next volume in the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry will be Mary Wollstonecraft's "Original Stories" for children, with five illustrations by William Blake. Mr. E. V. Lucas, in an introduction, suggests that the work is chiefly interesting for two reasons apart from its original purpose—for the light it throws on the attitude of the nursery authors of its day towards children, and for the character of Mrs. Mason, "the first and strongest British Matron," who "came before Mrs. Proudie, and also, it is interesting to note, before Sir Willoughby Patterne." The book will be ready next week.

A new writer, Mr. Gordon Holmes, is publishing his first novel with Mr. Werner Laurie next week. It is called "The Arncliffe Puzzle," and is a story of to-day. The author has woven a love interest into a mystery.

Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden, author of several monographs on the Master Musicians, of "George Thomson, the Friend and Correspondent of Burns," and other works, has been making a study of the '45 period. The book, which Messrs. Methuen will issue, is to be entitled "Prince Charlie," and is neither a biography of the Young Pretender nor an historical romance. It will include a consideration of the social life of Scotland towards the middle of the eighteenth century.

M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, has completed the second volume of his "History of English Literature," and Mr. Fisher Unwin will issue the book during the coming autumn season. It is close upon

a quarter of a century since he published "Les Anglais au moyen âge"; in the years 1887-90 M. Jusserand was Counsellor at the French Embassy in London, and during this period he made researches for his Literary History, the first section of which was published in 1894.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ANCIENTS AND THE FUTURE LIFE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your review of *Vers La Joie* there are, permit me to say, a few far too positive assertions. For instance, it were no hard task to show that lessons of "obedience, humility, patience and renunciation" were part of the "Pagan equipment" as well as of the Christian "equipment." So far are they from being "essentially modern," that one has but to recall Marcus Aurelius, or Epictetus, to remember that these so-called peculiar Christian qualities are the essential ones of all they wrote.

As far as the love of life, and the fear of death go, is the modern world really better off than the ancient? Personally I deem that we are worse off, inasmuch as we fail, most of us, to get that enjoyment out of existence which the ancients did. We have not an equal zest for it. Is this not by itself enough to account for the melancholy of some of its poetry, now and then? What is prized is hard to part with. Who that is happy wishes to die?

But too much may be made of this melancholy note by presenting but one side of the shield. Many, perhaps quite as many, a passage could be quoted of a joyous nature, from ancient classical writers as can be, and, by pessimistic critics, are, of a dolorous sort.

Just for the fun of the thing, as it were, your reviewer sent me to the French edition of Jacobs's *Anthology* (Hachette & Co., 2 vols., 1863), and I have to thank him for the treat he has been the means of affording me. It includes, as you know, many Christian, as well as Pagan epitaphs, and I found in the former the same admixture of gloom and hope as in the latter.

As instances of Pagan hope, let the following be quoted:

"O, eagle placed a-top of this tomb, why gazest thou so steadfastly towards heaven?—I am the emblem of Plato's soul, which has fled upwards to Olympus. His body, born of the ground, he has left behind in Attic earth."

"Tell me, O dog, to whom does the monument, over which you keep guard, belong?—To the dog.—What was his name whom you call the dog?—Diogenes.—Tell me his Country.—He was a man of Sinope.—What, he who lived in a tub?—Precisely, but, now he is dead, his home is amid the stars."

"Small is this tomb; but, see, rising from it the glory of the man of genius it encloses, the glory of Thales."

Many more of the same tenour could be given, but I fear to trespass too far on your space. "The Celestial regions." "May their kindred souls have the same eternal home." "The gentle Pluto." "Both, now, with other pious souls, dwell in the Elysian fields." "Have courage and confidence for what is left to you of life; death will bring us together again soon." "I am now in the palace of the immortal gods. Here, in my Celestial home, it is a perpetual dawn. Mercury led me in by the hand, and procured for me the great glory of living among the blessed in the starry heavens, and of sitting on seats of gold along with old friends." "Rejoice, too, O passer by; may you have many joys to taste yet on earth. We, who are dead, have no lack of our own."

Now, *per contra*, take some of the Christian ones. Select a few from the two hundred and sixty-four of Saint Gregory's epigrams.

"Oh, cruel grave which has opened itself to receive that glorious youth, Césaire. How unjust to take him and leave his parents alive. But let the grave be acquitted; it could not permit a young man to live who was wiser than his elders."

"Thou hast left behind thee, Césaire, all thy brethren, and hast now, in their place, only a narrow grave."

"Césaire, who, with his sublime intelligence, had embraced all the learning of the world, is now, alas! but a little heap of dust."

"I, Martinian, laden once with all earthly honours, am now but dust and ashes. Water my tomb with your tears, but touch it not."

"Alas! alas! Amphilogus has been snatched from a wise and virtuous wife and is now alone in the melancholy grave."

"Euphemius, at the tender age of twenty, shining both in learning and beauty, has gone down to his grave. Alas! Alas! Death comes too quickly for the virtuous and good."

"Descended to the gloomy regions," is the expression of another of them; and almost all of them are similar in tone. In none is the spirit of Paul's grand exclamation to be traced:

Oh, grave where is thy victory?

Oh, Death where is thy sting?

Apologising for the length of this communication, which I hope may be excused for what you may perhaps deem its interest,

R. S. Y.

MR. BENSON'S PATER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Robert Ross's review of Mr. A. C. Benson's life of Walter Pater which appeared in your issue of the 21st inst., I fail to see why the fact of my having recalled Pater's intention of treating the history of Raymond of Toulouse should be described as an anecdote or as an attempt to "conceal something."

So far as I knew Pater there was nothing to conceal but much to admire and I hold that the literary projects of a great writer have an interest for students of his achieved work.

To know that Walter Pater considered his "Plato and Platonism" the work most likely to resist the test of time seems to me quite as interesting as that he once said to Oscar Wilde: "You have a phrase for everything."

DOUGLAS AINSLIE.

July 24.

[Mr. Robert Ross writes: As rival Grevilles Mr. Ainslie and myself have failed to impress each other. I have obviously not appreciated the significance of his recollections, any more than he has realised the significance of my criticism. But I have one great advantage over him, in that I am able to admire sincerely and praise unreservedly Mr. Ainslie the poet and trenchant dramatic critic of *Truth*.

Walter Pater was, if all his friends are to be believed, a very reserved man, and his friends in a very proper spirit, which I regret to have met with so seldom, have been equally reserved. If, however, they have no hing more to tell us than what they have confided to Mr. Benson, I begin to doubt the amount of intimacy to which Pater admitted them or to suspect that they are exercising their discretion unnecessarily in public.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Robert Ross is so charming a writer that I cannot but regret the tone of part of his article on Mr. Benson's "Pater" in the *Academy* for July 21. Particularly distasteful are the concluding paragraphs, which seem to me to have but one meaning, and should never have been written.

Whatever Pater's opinions might be, we are only concerned with those he has explicitly stated. If a reviewer has the right to rip up his subject like a pig (in Tennyson's vivid phrase) he has certainly no right, if his anatomical researches yield no result, to avenge himself by reading as *chroniques scandaleuses* words which were not written autobiographically, but with a specified object.

It is indeed a pitiable sight to view the impotent scraping of these men with muck-rakes, amongst the "remains" of this or that man of genius. Very certainly in the case of Pater, their research will be vain. The man lived his own quiet life, and gave the public the flower of it, as his works testify. For the rest, has not Mr. George Moore told us of his "deliberate platitude," of his careful deference to public opinion, of his friendliness that never could become intimacy? Mr. Moore's article (in *Pall Mall Magazine*, July 1904) is indeed a more illuminating study of the man than all Mr. Benson's book.

With the various criticisms, either of Mr. Benson or Mr. Ross, I have no time to deal fully. I would, however, urge critics to show some little amount of common sense in the exercise of their vocation. Thus, Mr. Benson blames Pater for faults that would have been faults indeed had "Marius" been intended as a book of Christian Apologetics: but, then, you see it was not meant to be; Mr. Ross seems to think that it should answer the canons of any novel and actually compares it to that wretched morass of middle-class sentiment "John Inglesant"—that book beloved by people who read Mrs. Humphry Ward and talk about culture.

Fie Mr. Ross! "Marius" is a book alone, and not to be classed with any novel, philosophic or otherwise. Then, "Gaston" we are told, is a failure. Well, much depends on the meaning of failure. The book was never even finished, and the sixth chapter was published after Pater's death, without any of that careful revision that all his work underwent. Failure or no, however, it contains two of its author's finest "Imaginary Portraits" (Ronsard and Montaigne) and many passages worthy to be classed with the best of his work.

Much of Mr. Benson's book is indeed admirably sympathetic and illuminating; but in certain places he seems to find fault for the sake of fault-finding; that so common frailty of the critic, who would seem afraid else that his capability will be questioned. The same words, almost, might be applied to the article of your own contributor. With much of it one cordially agrees whilst deploring its flippancy in certain places. Some at least still regard Pater as "the greatest prose writer of our time," and not only this but as one, who, in a time of change in opinion, not only religious but ethical, could still teach a great lesson, and himself study to be quiet and show the way. Perhaps the best motto for his own works would be that passage from "Hippolytus Veiled": "Books for the delighted reading of a scholar, willing to ponder at leisure, to make his way surely, and understand."

E. R. B.

DOES THE WORD "SARACEN" MEAN "ORIENTAL"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Impossible etymologies die hard. If there is one etymology on which modern etymologists are apparently agreed, it is the derivation of the word "Saracen." In the dictionaries of Webster,

Annandale, Isaac Taylor, Skeat, and in many other etymological dictionaries we find it taken for granted that the word "Saracen" is of Arabic origin—namely from *sharq* "sunrise," and that it means "Oriental." And yet, strange to say, in spite of this general consent among etymologists, it may be affirmed without fear of contradiction that there is no evidence, no probability even of an Arabic derivation. One modern scholar, Hansleigh Wedgwood, in his Dictionary made a protest against the *sharq* explanation, but it has not been listened to. He says very pertinently that the Arabian tribes would not have appeared to themselves in the character of Easterns, that the name of Saracens, or any tribal or national name derived from an Arabic *sharq*, is unknown to the Arabs themselves, and that the word "Saraceni" was in use by Greek and Latin writers, who would never have devised an Arabic appellation for Arab tribes—a term quite strange to the desert tribes and perfectly unmeaning to the western peoples.

Long before Wedgwood we find Gibbon protesting against the most popular of the etymologies of "Saracen," namely the one from an Arabic word signifying "Oriental situation." Gibbon says that this "is refuted by Ptolemy, who expressly remarks the western and southern position of the Saracens, then an obscure tribe on the borders of Egypt; the appellation cannot therefore allude to any national character, and since it was imposed by strangers [on the Arabian tribes], it must be found, not in the Arabic, but in a foreign language."

If we accept this reasoning, and if the "Saraceni" of Greek and Latin writers must be derived from some foreign—probably some non-Semitic—language, the etymology of the word will probably for ever remain an unsolved problem.

A. L. MAYHEW.

SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—It is pleasing to note that Mr. Mayhew's article recommended and has provoked suggestions for practical steps towards a Simplification of our Spelling. I presume we may infer that Professor Skeat has smashed the case for etymological spelling; that this bogie—which has frightened so many—is now laid, never to be raised again.

I was delighted to observe Mr. Mayhew's closing injunctions to all spelling reformers, particularly those of such standing as Professor Skeat and Dr. Sweet, to give Reformed Spelling a practical lift, by adopting simplified forms in their own publications. In noticing Professor Skeat's booklet for the "Journal of Orthography," published by Dr. Larison, of Ringos, N.J., I used similar arguments, and almost identical language. The coincidence is somewhat singular. Professor Brander Matthews follows his own advice.

Pronunciation, like spelling varies, the latter being the greatest sinner; but if "A Student of Literature" helps to establish a broad, workable alphabet, reducing the multiplicity of vowels and diphthongs, bringing them into the "one sound one sign" plane, then pronunciation will have a fair chance of being red and understood of all men, which the *British Weekly* plainly indicates is far from being so, saying "misled" is pronounst "mizzeld!" I presume he knows "shammfast" was current as Old English, and I believe adopted by Milton.

Is it possible to get your readers to adopt Professor Skeat's suggested simplified forms, viz.: *hav, giv; grev, feld; shipt, mixt; aproov, freez; assembl, till; brekfast, medow; cumfort, muney; curage, ruf; luch; labor, honor; decalog; det, lam; eg, stif, battl, etc.*

H. DRUMMOND.

July 21.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY for July 14 I see an article on Spelling Reform by Mr. A. L. Mayhew. The sight of the heading "Spelling Reform" carried me back thirty years, when I took part in a discussion with Alexander John Ellis in the columns of the ACADEMY of that date, and my interest in the question has continued ever since.

Mr. Carnegie, as you are aware, has formed and financed a "Simplified Spelling Board" for propaganda. Professor Skeat of Cambridge has a pamphlet on the subject upon which the writer of the article in the ACADEMY offers some remarks.

I think if Mr. Mayhew was aware of the present position of the question in America especially and in England, some of his remarks would be somewhat modified.

Professor Skeat is severe upon the neglect or hostility (call it boycotting) to the subject of Spelling Reform by Reviews, Newspapers, etc.

The charge of neglect or hostility to the subject, cannot be levelled against the ACADEMY, which was the first of high class Reviews to open its columns at that date of strong prejudice, and now upon the resurrection of the question to public notice, in a fair and considerate spirit, the ACADEMY admits a discussion of the question in its influential columns.

Considering the nebulous and sporadic condition at present of the movement, with so many competitive schemes abroad, each author fighting for his own plan, it was hardly to be expected that "Men of Letters, business men, the man in the street," would come forward in support of any particular scheme. Even Professor Skeat's plan is rather shadowy for practical ends.

And now for the conclusion of the whole matter, what is to be

done, what is the motive-power behind, the *raison d'être* of the movement?

We are now in the throes of a stupendous effort for the establishment of a National System of Primary Education. The first and among the most important objects of all Education is to enable everybody to Read and Write their Mother Tongue. The great stumbling-block to this end is the chaotic state of the English Alphabet.

Simplified Spelling is the complement to the Education Bill. A Departmental Committee of Inquiry would examine all proposals and would recommend some plan for practical adoption in Schools.

The omission of surplus, silent and useless letters would be a good step forward, as faintly hinted at by Dr. Skeat. Lists of such "idle" letters have been drawn up in America and in England.

EDWARD JONES, B.A.

"CONCEALED POETS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In my communication under this heading, the sentence "this letter is addressed to a poet who confesses to be a 'concealed poet,'" should read "this letter is addressed to a poet by one who confesses that he is a 'concealed poet.'" The omission of the two words was due to my own fault, not yours.

It has been suggested to me that a more likely Shakespearean sonnet than those I instanced may be the original of the Twickenham sonnet written by Bacon. It is Sonnet 25, which pointedly alludes to a fallen favourite who till then could

Of public honour and proud titles boast.

This sonnet is worth comparison with Bacon's speech at the trial of Essex, when he said—"For you, my lord, should know that though princes give their subjects cause of discontent, though they take away the honours they have heaped upon them, though they bring them to a lower estate than they raised them from, yet ought they not to forget their allegiance."

Till June 1598 Essex had been a royal favourite, "famousd for fight," according to the Sonnet; but then came he under a "frown" that made that "glory die"; while Bacon, holding no office, could not be "removed." He was safe in this respect.

A study of the Sonnets and the "Apology for Essex" will prove to any impartial mind that many of the expressions and similes used in both fit marvellously well into the relative positions of Bacon and Essex.

We have the line, for instance—

To witness duty, not to show my wit,

the stand assumed by Bacon in the trial of Essex.

Then take Sonnet 29—can its pathetic wail come from Shakespeare, Bacon, or Essex (*per* Bacon)? It begins:

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state.

At what period of his career did the position of Shakespeare, the actor, ever assume this description or confession? Every line of this Sonnet can be read into the lives of Bacon and Essex. For years after his father's death, Bacon was "in disgrace with fortune" (he had no means—he was "working for bread") and "men's eyes," his uncle's in particular, were not directed to him (he was unappreciated). Essex had also the latter experience in 1601. What about Shakespeare? His life was one of uninterrupted success from the day he abandoned horse-holding for stage-playing and play-writing, when had he occasion to "beweep his outcast state?" The word is "beweep," not "bewept"; and the date of the Sonnets, according to "our greatest authority on Shakespeare," ranges from 1593 to 1603, the latter year being evidently referred to in the "eclipse" sonnet, No. 107, over Queen Elizabeth's death. When Shakespeare was supposed to have penned his first sonnet (1593), he had produced *Love's Labour's Lost*, the three parts of *Henry VI.*, *The Contention*, and *The True Tragedy*. He had previously abandoned his wife, poaching, Stratford, and the holding of horses at the stage door. He was a successful man of business in 1593: so what cause had he for "beweeping" in 1593, when Sonnet 29 was probably written, is a question I ask Mr. Sidney Lee and Professor Dowden. He might have "bewept," he could scarcely "beweep" at the date referred to.

Other two points, and I have finished. In Sonnet 111 we read:

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

How came it that in 1593 a man who had been obliged to flee Stratford for poaching had to confess that play-writing was *infra dig.*—that he was ashamed of the profession, and added:

Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd?

Play-writing—successful play-writing—might have been a disreputable occupation for money-making to an aristocrat like Bacon, but how could it possibly be described as such in the case of a plebeian like Shakespeare? And yet in the plays the writer shows himself an aristocrat, not a plebeian.

Besides, it is a matter of fact that Shakespeare never authorised the publication of the Sonnets (1609)—they were stolen, we are informed by Mr. Lee, by Thorpe. What was wrong with them if they were

Shakespeare's work? In 1599 the first edition of "The Passionate Pilgrim" was issued by Jaggard—the bulk of the volume being written by Barnfield and others. Shakespeare did not object to the attributed authorship. A third edition appeared in 1612, under "W. Shakespeare's name," with verses filched from Heywood. Heywood objected, and "Shakespeare's name was removed from the title-page of a few copies" (Lee, p. 183). The Sonnets were published without Shakespeare's authority. Why? Possibly because he thought Bacon—if he were the author—might have adopted Heywood's principle and remonstrated. At any rate, Shakespeare never objected to the unauthorised issue of the Sonnets, and he never acknowledged them as his own work, yet we find them appearing in every edition of the works, along with "The Passionate Pilgrim," which everybody knows he did not write. These Sonnets still puzzle more than the proverbial Quaker, and among the more,

GEORGE STRONACH.

THE LAST WORDS OF GREAT MEN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Few phrases arrest the attention of mankind more than those uttered by the dying lips of great men, they become as much imbedded in the history of their country as the fly in amber. Such phrases by constant spoken and written reiteration are among the unforgettable things of life. For these phrases voice often so admirably "what all have thought but ne'er so well expressed." Are we not familiar in our own day with pithy utterances in the political arena which have been so apt and striking that they have reverberated round the world? Yet despite this, and undeniably true as my statement is, how many of the phrases attributed to great men of the past were actually uttered by them? This pertinent question is brought forcibly home by your allusions, Mr. Editor, in your issue of the 14th inst. to a letter recently published in Germany anent Goethe's last words—"Light, more light!" Few dying words have been more quoted, and yet if that letter is to be accepted, the phrase was never uttered by that great man. Fact is indeed a great destroyer of our illusions. Hardly less famous than "Light, more light!" is the phrase attributed to the younger Pitt when dying—"O my country! how I leave my country!" Yet how true is it that but a step divides the sublime from the ridiculous, for it has been alleged that his last words really were—"I think I could eat one of Bellamy's mutton pies."

Indeed I think it might be safely affirmed that the whole subject teems with errors which can be divided under the following heads:

- (1) Phrases never uttered.
- (2) Wrong attribution, viz., phrases fathered on persons who never uttered them.

In dealing with this subject we have to recognise that men dearly love a phrase that epitomises their thoughts, convictions, or party bias, hence it follows that the surest way to political popularity is to coin phrases which shall be adopted as representing their principles. Disraeli regarded the phrase and used it as one of the most effective political weapons.

I have but touched the fringe of this very interesting subject and must leave it to your readers to amplify or deny my conclusions.

STANLEY HUTTON.

July 18.

THE READING-HABIT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "reading-habit"! What a vile phrase! (I apologise to its author, of whose identity I am perfectly ignorant.) But seriously, what kind of glory and honour is to be meted out to those who have fostered the habit of reading for reading's sake? Surely it is nothing more or less than an insidious form of paralysis of the mind—a disease, I agree, public libraries have helped to spread most disastrously.

A public of sterile mind, having neither an appetite for learning, nor a love of literature, whose dull fancies must be tickled by sensationalism, appears to me to form the majority of public library frequenters. They are in and out of the public library, in much the same manner as the confirmed drunkard is in and out of every public-house. And the analogy holds good further; for it takes as strong a dose of sensationalism to ruffle the surface of the one's imagination, as it does of alcohol to intoxicate the other.

That public libraries have benefited thousands let no one deny; but for Heaven's sake, let their custodians try to forget they "have formed the reading-habit in many millions of people."

M. P.

July 21.

[Has M. P. reflected that the reading-habit may be an antidote to, or preventive of, the drink-habit? It may not benefit the sufferer, but at least it does no harm to his family.—Ed.]

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Williams, E. *Staple Inn*: Customs House, Wool Court and Inn of Chancery. Its mediæval surroundings and associations. 9 x 6. Pp. xi, 210. Constable, 5s. net.

[The author has made no attempt to go over ground already covered by

Foss, Day and Cato Worsfold, but throws further light on the origin of the Inn and supplies fresh facts and suggestions. Illustrated, Appendices and Index.]

Ward-Boughton-Leigh, the Revd. Bridgeman G. F. C. *Memorials of a Warwickshire Family*. With prefatory note by Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 208. Frowde, 10s. net.

[The Leighs and Boughton-Leighs of Newbold-on-Avon, Little Lawford, Stoneleigh, etc. Illustrated. No Index.]

CLASSICS.

Way, Arthur S. *Aeschylus in English Verse*. Part I. *The Seven against Thebes: The Persians*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 100. Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.

Rogers, Benjamin Bickley. *Ἀριστοφάνους Ὀρνίθες*. *The Birds of Aristophanes*. Acted at the Great Dionysia, B.C. 414. The Greek Text revised, with a translation into corresponding metres, introduction and commentary. 8½ x 7½. Pp. xcii, 305. Bell, 10s. 6d.

[Mr. Rogers has already published *The Frogs*, the *Ecclesiastusae* and the *Thesmophoriasusae* in the same series and won very high opinions for his work.]

DRAMA.

Sauter, Edwin. *The Poisoners or As 'twas done in Italy*. A Tragedy. First Edition. 5½ x 4½. Pp. vi, 72. Saint Louis: published by the author at the Sign of the Leech. n.p.

Burton, Richard. *Rahab*: a drama in three acts. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 119. New York: Holt; London: Bell, 5s. net.

ECONOMICS.

Cornford, L. Cope. *The Defenceless Islands*. A study of the social and industrial conditions of Great Britain and Ireland; and of the effect upon them of the outbreak of a maritime war. 7½ x 5½. Pp. x, 240. Grant Richards, 2s. 6d. net.

[Partly reproduced from the author's articles, "In Case of War," which appeared in the *Standard* last month.]

Brabrook, Sir Edward. *Building Societies*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 160. King, 1s. net.

[A short, popular treatise on the social value of Building Societies, their history, their commercial merits, their future, and the right principles on which to conduct them. With some information on foreign Building Societies. Index.]

FICTION.

De Queiroz, Eça de. *Our Lady of the Pillar*, done into English by Edgar Prestage. 7½ x 4½. Pp. xiv, 88. Constable, 2s. 6d. net.

[A translation of the "Defunto," a short story by the famous Portuguese novelist. With a frontispiece, showing the statue to Queiroz at Lisbon, and an introduction. Mr. Prestage has made more than one translation from his works.]

Nightingale, Helen M. *Savile Gilchrist, M.D.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 315. Long, 6s.

Pain, Barry. *Wilke Imina in London*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 200. Long, 3s. 6d. (See p. 88.)

Clare, Austin. *The Little Gate of Tears*: a Romance of the Island of Guernsey. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 317. Long, 6s.

Hocking, Joseph. *The man who rose again*. With four illustrations in colour. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 426. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

Urquhart, Paul. *The Eagles*. Frontispiece by Harold Piffard. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 320. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Livingstone, Alice. *A Sealed Book*. With 8 full-page illustrations. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 384. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Scott, Maurice. *The Pride of the Morays*. Clay, Bertha M. *Lord Darlington's Wooing*. Each 7½ x 5½. Pp. 96. The Weekly Budget Novels. Each 2d.

Judd, A. M. *Pharaoh's Turquoise*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. White, 6s.

Dickberry, E. *The Nymph*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 311. White, 6s.

Bemerton, George. *Seven Lean Years*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 290. Drane, 6s.

Wynne, Freda. *The Profligates*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 205. Drane, 6s.

Bender, John. *That Girl*, a story of deception. 6½ x 3½. Pp. 91. Drane, 1s.

Mason, Arthur Charles. *Merely Provincial and Etceteras*. 6½ x 3½. Pp. 143. Drane, 1s.

[Sketches and studies.]

Murray, David Christie. *The Brangwyn Mystery*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Kernahan, Mrs. Coulson. *The Mystery of Magdalen*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

HISTORY.

Library of Congress. *Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789*. Edited from the original records in the Library of Congress by Worthington Chauncy Ford, Chief, Division of Manuscripts. Vol. vi. 1776, October 9-December 31. 10½ x 7½. Pp. 317. Washington: Government Printing Office.

LITERATURE.

Jespersen, Otto. *Growth and Structure of the English Language*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 260. Leipzig: Teubner. London: David Nutt, M. 3.

[Dr. Jespersen is Professor in the University of Copenhagen. In this book, which was awarded last month the Volney Prize by the Institut de France, he examines modern English and shows its development, connecting the teachings of linguistic history with the chief events in the general history of England.]

City and County of Bristol. Corporation Public Libraries. *Catalogue of the Central Lending Library*. E. R. Norris Mathews, F.R.Hist. S., City Librarian. 8½ x 5½. Pp. viii, 511. Bristol: Printed for the Libraries Committee.

[Contains the entire collection of books intended for the Lending Library which have been brought together into the new building provided out of the bequest of the late Mr. Vincent Stuckey Lean, from the Lending Department of the old Library in King-St., amalgamated with some of the books which previously formed part of the Hotwells and Museum Libraries, Alphabetical, by Author and Subject. Juvenile Department catalogued separately.]

MILITARY.

Lucas, C. P. *The Canadian War of 1812*. 9 x 6. Pp. viii, 269. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 12s. 6d. net.

Optimist. *Our Birthright*: an essay on the vitality and resources of the nation in relation to national defence. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 76. Constable, 1s. net.

[The author's desire is to show the immense amount of material "trained on a sound social as well as Military basis" which we possess, and that it can be trained by already existing voluntary organisations. He gives particulars of these organisations and the work they are doing, urging the gentlemen of England to come forward and take an active part in the development of the training of working boys. Appendix of lads' brigades, clubs, homes, etc., and a table showing the number of men, boys, etc., receiving voluntary instruction in drill, shooting, etc.]

Heath, Major E. C. *Examinations in Military Engineering*. Specially arranged for the use of officers studying for Promotion—Staff College—Militia Competitive Examinations. 9 x 6. Pp. 29. Christophers, 1s. 6d. net.

[Papers originally compiled for the use of Major Heath's own classes, and published at the request of several officers. Each paper covers a short portion of the "Manual of Military Engineering, 1905."]

MISCELLANEOUS.

Transactions and Proceedings of the Japan Society, London. Vol. vii. Fourteenth Session, 1904-5. Part I. 9½ x 6½. Pp. iii, 158. Kegan Paul, 4s.

[The Phonetics of modern Japanese," by E. R. Edwards; "Notes on Japanese Temples and Monasteries," by Vaughan Cornish; "Japanese Undergraduates at Cambridge University," by H. J. Edwards; "Some Lessons from Japan," by S. M. Fox; "England's Record in Japan," by Professor J. H. Longford; "England's Appreciation of Japanese Art," by Marcus B. Huish; and "Some Remarks on Japanese, chiefly compared with the Chinese Language," by Kitsutaro Takahashi. In each case a discussion follows the paper.]

Transactions of the Japan Society. Vol. xi. Frontispiece, Title-page, List of Contents and of Illustrations, Introduction and Index. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xx, 7. Kegan Paul.

[Frontispiece portrait of Mr. Arthur Diösy.]

The Episcopal Arms of England and Wales. By An Officer of Arms. 9½ x 7½. Pp. 156. Arnold Fairbairns, 10s. 6d. net.

[Coloured representations of the arms of the sees, with the technical description opposite each.]

Hart, W. C. *Confessions of an Anarchist*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 204. Grant Richards, 2s. 6d. net.

[The author claims to have spent some ten years among Anarchists, has been secretary to two "groups" and a contributor to Anarchist journalism. His book is a hotch-potch, full of censure of his former companions. Illustrated.]

The Meredith Pocket-Book. 5½ x 3½. Pp. 167. Constable, 2s. 6d. net.

[Short extracts, grave and gay, from Mr. George Meredith's prose-works, with here and there a poem "to give variation." The extracts are arranged under subject-headings, "Nature Speaks," "Mazzini," "The English," "The English Rustic," etc. The introductory note is signed G. M. T.—a guarantee that the work is well done.]

Warburton, Alice M. *A Browning Treasure Book*: extracts from Browning, selected and arranged. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 109. Bell, 2s. 6d. net.

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Religions Ancient and Modern. Squire, Charles. *The Mythology of Ancient Britain and Ireland*, pp. 80. Craigie, W. A. *The Religion of Ancient Scandinavia*. Pp. xi, 72. Each 7 x 4½. Constable, 1s. net each.

MUSIC.

English Music, 1604 to 1904. Being the lectures given at the Music Loan Exhibition of the Worshipful Company of Musicians held at Fishmongers' Hall, London Bridge, June to July 1904. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xx, 540. Walter Scott. The Music Story Series, 3s. 6d. net.

[Fully illustrated with diagrams, reproductions of old prints, etc. The various contributors, among whom are Sir Frederick Bridge, Mr. T. L. Southgate and Dr. W. H. Cummings, deal with all aspects of music.]

POETRY.

Childe-Pemberton, Harriet L. *Love Knows—and Waits* and other poems. 7½ x 5. Pp. 100. Long, 2s. 6d. net.

[The first poem, in blank verse, tells an incident that befell a Florentine lady in 1396. "Three Aspects of Love" and "The Tree of Knowledge" are inspired by pictures by Watts. "Hidden Meanings" is a dialogue in rhymed verse between a Symbolist and a Lady; and "Man, Woman and a War," a collection of stories in verse, sets out the man's and the woman's view of war. The insight into human nature is everywhere stronger than the poetic faculty, though Miss Childe-Pemberton, who has studied Browning and Swinburne to advantage, shows some accomplishment.]

Kerr, Robert J. *The Tulip Tree* and other Poems. 6½ x 5½. Pp. vi, 53. Dublin: Cambridge & Co., 1s.

[Short lyrics, rondels, sonnets and ballads, full of imagination, usually sad, and sometimes displaying the genuine lyrical note. Mr. Kerr is not altogether free, however, from the commonplace word.]

Angellier, Auguste. *Dans la lumière antique, le livre des dialogues. Les Dialogues d'Amour*. Pp. 130. *Les Dialogues Civiques*. Pp. 153. Each 7½ x 5. Paris: Hachette, 3f. 50 each.

Davidson, John. *Poetry* and other Poems. With a note on Poetry. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 156. E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net. (See p. 77)

POLITICAL.

Buxton, Charles Roden. *Electioneering Up-to-date*, with some suggestions for amending the Corrupt Practices Act. With three additional chapters on the Case of Thanet by J. C. Haig (late Liberal Election Agent for the Thanet Division). 7½ x 4½. Pp. 90. Griffiths, 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net.

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Department of the Interior: United States Geological Survey. Professional Papers: No. 45. *The Geography and Geology of Alaska*: a summary of existing knowledge, by Alfred H. Brooks, with a section on Climate by Cleveland Abbe, Jr., and a topographic map and description thereof by R. U. Goode. Pp. 327. No. 47. *The Tertiary and Quaternary Pecten of California*, by Ralph Arnold. Pp. 264; No. 49. *Geology and Mineral Resources of part of the Cumberland Gap Coal Field, Kentucky*, by George Hall Ashley and Leonidas Chalmers Glenn. Pp. 239. Each 11½ x 9. Washington: Government Printing Office.

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Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin. No. 106. Engineering Series, Vol. 3, No. 2, pp. 163-276. *The Sources of Water-Supply in Wisconsin*, by William Gray Kirchoffer, C.E. Science Series, No. 115. Vol. 3, No. 4, pp. 85-208. *Anatomy in America*, by Charles Russel Bardeen. Each 9½ x 6½. Madison, Wisconsin. Each 50 cents.

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The English Hymnal with Tunes. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxviii, 968. Oxford: University Press; London: Henry Frowde, 3s., 3s. 6d. 5s. 6d. and 6s., all net.

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